VOL. CCXVII, No. 2833
PRICE TWO SHILLINGS

Fit "TripleX"- and be safe
Regd

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"
MAY 29, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated The GRAPHIC

BRITISH SEAGULL

"The best Outboard Motor in the World"

THE BRITISH SEAGULL CO. LTD., POOLE, DORSET. Telephone: POOLE 818

MC BY APPOINTMENT PURVEYORS OF CHAMPAGNE TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI. MC

MOËT & CHANDON
CHAMPAGNE
MAISON FONDÉE EN 1743
DRY IMPERIAL *and* PREMIÈRE CUVÉE
Vintage *Non-Vintage*

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

Red Hackle
DE LUXE SCOTCH WHISKY
PROPRIETORS: Hepburn & Ross GLASGOW

WETHERALL
bond st sportsclothes

TRADE MARK
"FOURway CLEVERCHANGE BELTED/UNBELTED topcoats"
HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED
DOUBLE SIDED "doeskin + cashmere" "racin plaid"
THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL
THE WETHERALL HOUSE BOND ST. W.1

BY APPOINTMENT
CEREBOS LIMITED, TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS TO THE LATE KING GEORGE VI.

Cerebos
The salt of a century

By Appointment to the late King George VI.
CHAMPAGNE
Charles Heidsieck
REIMS
FINEST QUALITY EXTRA DRY

Great stuff this Bass
TRADE MARK

KING SIX CIGARS
Backed by over a hundred years of perfect blending.
1/10 EACH
Made by J. R. Freeman & Son, Ltd.

Choose the ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE *For all your Insurances*
HEAD OFFICE AT THE ROYAL EXCHANGE · LONDON

PUBLISHING OFFICE: INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, STRAND LONDON, W.C.2

Registered as a Newspaper for Transmission in the United Kingdom

FOR POSTAGE RATES SEE FRONTISPIECE PRICE 2/-

Irresistible!

Mayfair

ASSORTMENTS OF

TOFFEES AND CHOCOLATES

MADE IN SUNDERLAND BY MAYFAIR PRODUCTS LTD

VALAIS SWITZERLAND

For happy holidays in wonderful surroundings

ZERMATT 5,315 ft.
the famous Tourist Centre of the Valais facing the Matterhorn

The **Seiler Hotels** renowned for high standard. **Mt. Cervin** (Matterhorn), **Victoria, Mt. Rosa, Riffelalp** 7,000 ft. **Schwarzsee** 8,400 ft. Exchange of meals. Man. E. Hofer.

National-Bellevue 200 beds. **Schweizerhof** 70 beds. Running hot and cold water, private baths, lift, bar. Highly recommended. Manager: Dr. W. Zimmermann.

Hotels Gornergrat & Breithorn. Recommended, comfortable hotels.

Hotel Perren. Small first-class hotel, facing Matterhorn. Fine cooking.

Hotel Matterhornblick
Good food and wines. Special rates June and September.

VAL D'ANNIVIERS - Simplon railway. Postal cars at Sierre. A valley full of sun and folklore. Comfort. Hotels at moderate prices. New good road from Sierre.

ST LUC 5,400 ft. **ZINAL** 5,500 ft. **GRIMENTZ** 5,100 ft.

BELALP 7,000 ft. Facing the Aletschglacier. Alpine spot amidst magnificent mountain scenery.
New Cableway Blatten-Belalp.

VERBIER 4,900 ft. Télésiège to 7,100 ft. Tennis, Garden-Golf, Sun, rest, recreation.

MORGINS 4,600 ft. Télésiège, Swimming pool. Tennis, Sun, recreation.

SAAS-FEE 5,900 ft. Beautiful mountain station. Cableway. Mini-Golf, new road.

SAAS-FEE. Grand Hotel. Hotel Bellevue. Open June 20 to Sept. Garden, orchestra. Tennis.

EVOLENE 4,600 ft. The beautiful Alpine site. Full board s. Fr. 12.50 to 20.-. Hotels: Grand Hotel - Hermitage Dent Blanche - Eden - Pension Alpina.

Ask your tourist office for information, or Swiss National Tourist Office, 458-459, Strand London, W C.2 or Union valaisanne du tourisme, Sion, Switzerland

Don't be Vague ask for Haig

The Oldest Scotch Whisky Distillers in the World

This Shirt was made to fit YOU

It is just one garment from the range of fine clothes in Harrods Man's Shop—in sizes and fittings for every man, for every type of figure. It was cut for the utmost comfort and freedom, from quality pre-shrunk poplin, in easy-to-iron coat style, with tailored sleeves, single button cuffs. The attached soft collar holds a tie perfectly and has removable stiffeners. In cream or white, sizes 14½" to 17½" 45/-

Silk Ties, hand-made from fine English silks. We have a wide range of colours and designs.
Prices from 13/6 to 30/-
Post and packing 9d

Harrods

Setting a New Standard in Ready-to-Wear

HARRODS LTD SLOane 1234 KNIGHTSBRIDGE SW1

Firestone
TYRES
consistently good

TENSION-DRIED, GUM-DIPPED

RAYON CORD MAKES **Firestone**

THE STRONGEST AND

LONGEST WEARING TYRES

YOU CAN BUY

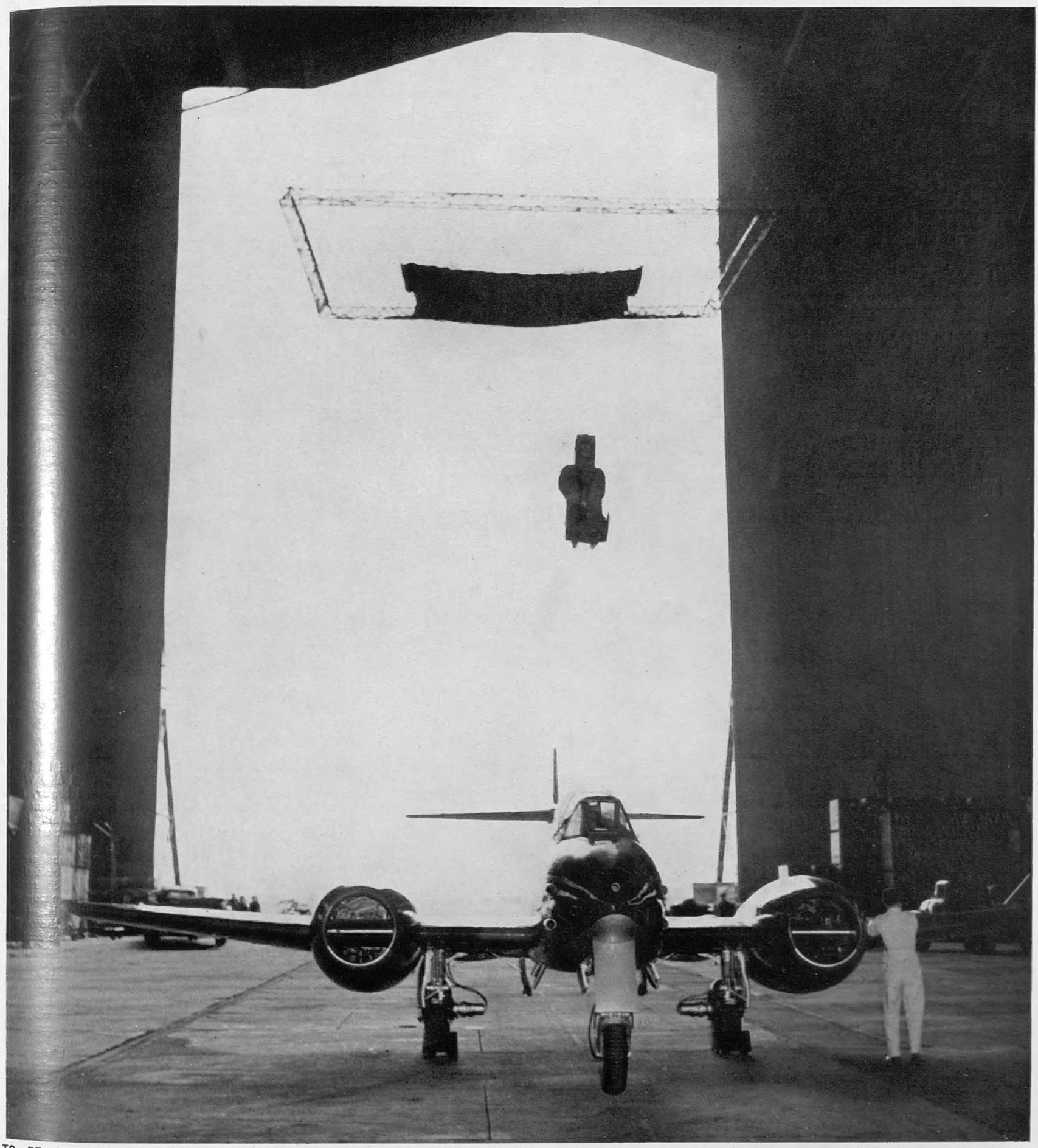
Fit Firestone *LEAKPROOF* TUBES—they cost no more!

Volume CCXVII No. 2833

The SPHERE, London, May 29, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC



TO BE SEEN IN THE COMING ROYAL TOURNAMENT IN LONDON: AN EMERGENCY EXIT FOR PILOTS—A DUMMY PILOT SEEN BEING SHOT FROM A METEOR FIGHTER BY MEANS OF AN EJECTOR SEAT: The dummy, which weighs 160 lb., leaves the cockpit at a speed of 60 m.p.h. and is caught by the safety net seen near the roof of the hangar. This demonstration was given by the R.A.F. at Cardington, in Bedfordshire, and the public will be able to see it at the Royal Tournament in June, when it will be in the R.A.F.'s exhibition of safety devices. Many actual escapes have been made through these ejector seats.

The ejector seat, seen above at a demonstration at Cardington, has been in use as standard equipment with the R.A.F. for some years, and is manufactured by the firm of Martin Baker. The need for some means to help pilots escape from aircraft travelling at high speeds was felt during the last war, but with the advent of jet-powered aircraft with speeds of over 500 m.p.h., their use became imperative. Should the pilot manage to struggle from the cockpit of an aircraft travelling at 500 m.p.h. (no mean feat) he would at once be caught in the slipstream and dashed against the tail. With the Martin Baker ejection seat, the pilot, if in difficulties, merely slides back his cockpit cover and presses the release catch of the ejector seat, and then pilot, seat and parachute are shot from the aircraft at a speed of 60 m.p.h., well clear of any obstructions, and the parachute opens automatically. Martin Baker also manufacture for the R.A.F. an ejector seat trainer. This is in the form of a huge catapult which "fires" the trainee into the air. Other countries have also experimented with and produced ejector seats, and these have taken many different forms. One evolved in France incorporates a device which swings the pilot and his seat downwards, shooting him clear of the aircraft, through a panel in the bottom of the fuselage.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE PLAN FOR GILBERT WHITE'S HOME

LOOKING DOWN ON GILBERT WHITE'S HAMPSHIRE VILLAGE OF SELBORNE: A view from The Hangar, and showing in the centre "The Wakes," White's home, for which an appeal has been launched. It is proposed to purchase and endow the house and then hand it over, fully restored, to the National Trust as a memorial to Gilbert White.

"The Wakes," the home of Gilbert White in the little Hampshire village of Selborne, at present owned by Colonel J. D. Bibby, has recently come on to the market; the purchase price is £12,000, and the property consists of the house, 27 acres of parkland and eight contemporary cottages. During the nineteenth century some buildings were added to "The Wakes," not all of which are in keeping with the original house, but, fortunately, no part of White's home has been demolished. It is now the intention of members of the Gilbert White Memorial Fund, who are organising an appeal, to purchase the house and to restore it, so far as is practicable, to its original condition. The National Trust, which has agreed to accept the property for permanent preservation, has made an estimate of the amount of endowment necessary to keep the restored "Wakes" in good repair, and these items amount to £12,500. The fund is, therefore, appealing for a total of £24,500. If the venture is successful, "The Wakes" and its garden would be opened to the public and the house used as a local centre of natural history, and a museum of the personal effects of the "Father of English Natural History," and of the "Antiquities of Selborne."

"THE WAKES": In this view of the main street, Gilbert White's house is on the left. In the picture *below*, the house is seen from the back across the spacious lawns.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscriptions to THE SPHERE *should be handed to any bookstall or newsagent, or addressed to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire, are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. Terms include postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Prayers for Mr. Eden.—We pray in our village church for Mr. Eden and for the recovery to health of our local invalids. We pray for a right judgment in all things to be granted to our Government. And very heartily we say Amen. At Geneva these last weeks, while at home we have rejoiced and sung "Land of Hope and Glory," Mr. Eden has been pegging away to bring settlements and peace to Korea, Indo-China and the East, and he has argued on what sometimes seems to us (through the fog) a rather inadequate brief. His brother Q.C.s, representing parties on his own side, spring surprises on him at times, put in evidence the existence of which was unknown to him. He is courteous (as ever) to the other side, "my friends" to him whatever their notions of "cricket," diplomacy or civilised conventions. It is sometimes said that the old diplomacy is as dead as Queen Anne. It is difficult to dispute that. Its politeness and success always stemmed from a powerful sanction half-revealed behind the velvet glove. And there is no sanction behind *our* glove to-day. So Mr. Eden is called a diplomat of the old school, and too much of a gentleman to sup with Eastern-minded diplomatists. His critics point out that Mr. Bevin went down better with the Communists, using the long spoon—a spade called a spade, or even a bloody shovel. All the same, I can't recall any diplomatic triumphs of permanent survival achieved by Mr. Bevin's long spoon. I am often told that the Western peace-seekers would achieve something if only they would tell the world the *truth* that there is only one saboteur of peace and settlement, and that is Communism, and that the ruling minds behind the Iron Curtain are "Eastern-minded," and that therefore their signatures to any and every agreement are worth the paper they are written on, which they will always consign to the waste-paper basket the moment it suits them. Teheran, Yalta, Potsdam, and so on. Hence the fact that no convention between East and West to outlaw the H-bomb could justify us in discontinuing its manufacture. It may be Mr. Eden does not say these bald, frank truths loud enough or often enough, but surely others on his side say them loud and often, and even Mr. Bevin did not carry the truth game so far at all his conferences. I am old-fashioned enough to dislike the introduction of current politics—the Prayer Book provides a more general prayer for wisdom for our rulers—into our village services, but there does seem a very real justification for a personal prayer for Mr. Eden's work at Geneva. For it is difficult to imagine a task more formidable and fogged, more beset with obstructions and pitfalls, more important to civilisation if it could succeed.

Two Footnotes to History.—The joyous day of the Queen's return home is history now—almost ancient history. I set down for record two "footnotes to history" which struck me on the day. The first casts its shadow before. From now on, we must be sure of and allow for the fact that when a great national ceremony is on, no other public fixture which relies on drawing the public anywhere in these islands should be arranged. Until the Queen entered the Palace, no one who was not by duty forced to be abroad left the shelter of a roof or their place in the crowd on the routes. In my own county, the roads were absolutely deserted, the polling booths did not provide a trickle of voters, cricket grounds and gardens opening to the public whistled in vain for spectators and visitors. Myself, I do not enjoy crowds or a television set, and I detest B.B.C. commentaries, and I wandered in a deserted countryside. So henceforth it will always be when television is concentrating on a national spectacle—a deserted countryside. My second footnote continues to surprise me after years of evidence—the endurance and phlegm of our race. What a vast number of people there are with time and guts to freeze all night and day on pavements for the prospect of a fifteen-second "close-up" of a passing pageant, even of the most charming and popular figure in Christendom. How extraordinarily rare in our people is the sad affliction of claustrophobia—100,000 people jammed like sardines in an open space and not a scream from any afflicted sightseer of "Let me out, for God's sake." But, of course, this occasion was quite exceptional. National gratitude for a historic tour of duty superbly done left no fears of personal discomfort. It was pure tribute and thanksgiving.

Litter Fiends.—Nevertheless, a mild critic is justified. The Londoners all left their cards at Palace on that great day. We are a warmhear people when we have anything or anybody to be war hearted about. We have the Queen and her charmi family and we concentrate most of our war heartedness on them. Warmhearted we are, but thoughtless (might one almost say ?) an untidy, ev a dirty, people. After the great day before the Pala fifty scavengers (or road-tidy experts) worked in t small hours collecting these visiting cards left in t Mall and before the Palace gates, newsprint, grea paper, cartons. They collected 16 tons of it and carri it away in eleven lorries. The job was finished j before the new, or Sunday, crowd began to collect 7 a.m. to stare and drop greasy paper. So began t drive to make us all litter-minded. One magistra at least, has given his opinion that to proceed again an offender by way of a court summons is objectiona and un-English. The offence is not un-English.

Pollution Convention.—I expressed cently the hope (and belief) that the internatio conference on prevention of pollution of the seas a shores by oil discharge might succeed. Forty tonna owning nations were represented, the session las more than a fortnight, and a convention, virtu unanimous, was drafted and approved, and Brit has already signed it. Broadly, it provides that tanker may discharge oils and sludge within fifty mi of a coast; in the North Sea (except off the coast Norway) 100 miles. "Dry" ships will adopt minimum requirements. Exceptions were few a minority riders and qualifications not serious. A d will come when all ships must keep records of charges, and Governments must take note of breac of the convention by their nationals. (But I do whether, if sanctions are agreed on, they will be sev enough or generally enforced.) I wish that meant th this August or next August holidaymakers could ke their summer frocks unspotted on our beaches, that the agony of sea birds had an early end. It is so. Before the convention even comes into for ten countries, including five big tonnage-owners, m sign. When signed, it must be obeyed or the me found to enforce obedience. Five years hence, we advised, there may be a "substantial diminution" pollution on Britain's beaches. It 's a long time wait, but it is rare to obtain results so swift, unanimous, and so sensible from an internatio conference containing a slight flavour of politi I regard it as a happy subject for record.

A Blessing in Disguise?—If the hydrog bomb is a blessing in disguise, it is a very efficie disguise. Some scientists, bishops and other pundits beginning to suggest to us that it is so. Sir Geo Thomson, a Nobel prizeman, believed that it may the "turning-point back to sanity." He thought th future wars might not be pushed to extremit through fear of imponderable results. The "cob bomb" was an imaginative "suicide device," and radio-active dust might fall anywhere on the earth face. He was satisfied that so far no bomb has been made which can damage the Earth itself. inhabitants and its weather, perhaps, are anoth matter. But such a bomb is not impossible. As the hydrogen bomb, which we already possess, "danger" in war is very real. An aggressor migh

PRINCESS MARGARET VISITS THE WEST COUNTRY

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS ARRIVES AT PLYMOUTH TO UNVEIL ON THE HOE THE LAST THE NAVAL MEMORIALS TO THOSE WHO DIED IN THE WAR AND WHO HAVE KNOWN GRAVE: She is seen in company with the Lord Mayor, Alderman Clifford Tozer. The commemorative panels unveiled by the Princess have b added to the memorial which was set up after the Great War. Many relati of those whose names appear on the memorial were present at the ceremo

"do more damage than necessary" to win a war in a desperate attempt to get in first. As for protection against such a bomb on reasonable notice, Sir George did not agree with the Civil Defence pundits. Apart from destroying the carrying plane in the air, he saw no alternative to achieve civil defence and protection but in the total evacuation of any threatened city, or the concentration of the whole population in underground shelters. He thought the Tube railway tunnels might be deep enough for this purpose in London. His views certainly give a chance to sanity to break in, at any rate in a little island as congested as ours. There is a Bedlam note in the idea of 6,000,000 Londoners neatly packed into the Tubes, with the vast city empty and silent, waiting for the explosion. The trouble is, the danger might not look quite so nightmarish and fantastic in the wide spaces of Russia. I believe in giving publicity to every word-picture by experts on the possible implications of the H-bomb. This is a time for reflection . . . and action.

Billy Graham Winds Up.—I was glad to learn that the Archbishop of Canterbury would attend Billy Graham's final session at Wembley and pronounce a benediction at the end. Billy Graham has earned and received more "official" support and approbation than any of the revivalists and hot gospellers of the past. His methods have been more quiet and dignified, his sincerity less obtrusively evidenced. It seems that his revival has been financially no less than morally successful. The cost of his campaign has been put as high as £120,000, and it is said that all of this sum and more has been recovered in gifts and collections, so that a substantial balance remains in hand to finance a briefer visit next year. How many of the converts will need a refresher course in 1955 is a question none can answer yet. How many were converted or drawn back to the precepts of Christianity is no doubt a question to which Mr. Graham's accountants can provide a more or less satisfactory answer from records of testification made up after each meeting. If Mr. Graham has made "permanent" converts at an expenditure of £2 per head, he thoroughly deserves the Primate's blessing spoken on behalf of us all.

Furzey.—I don't know how many people in a year visit Mr. Dalrymple's garden at Furzey, Minstead, near Lyndhurst, in the New Forest. It is open under the Gardens Scheme almost every day in the year, and there is no fixed tariff. There is a collection box, if you wish to make a contribution. You must be mean, indeed, if you make no contribution as you go *out*. For there is no season in the year when the garden is empty of delights and beauty. I always make the New Forest and Furzey my first adventure of spring, choosing the first day when approaching summer sends forth its herald. This year I chose the time of the small-flowered Japanese azaleas, and I doubt whether any garden in England or abroad can produce in small compass such dazzling, breathtaking, solid blocks of riotous colours. Not that other types of flowers and shrubs were wanting; but these azaleas stole the show that week. A little later on, other types of azaleas, rhododendrons, magnolias, and embothriums trailing festoons of scarlet honeysuckle flowers, will delight the eye. And there will be the time for heaths and herbaceous plants. You can see the same specimens at Exbury near by, and, indeed, in many famous and larger gardens, if you are ready to walk and are lucky enough to hit off an opening day. At Furzey, any day in the year, you can be sure of thrills and can enjoy them in a potter of 200 yards.

"The Annotator."—I was early in the field with Messrs. Keen and Lubbock's *The Annotator*. Was it Shakespeare who annotated that old copy of Hall's historical commentary? Well, the sleuths have been very painstaking and very ingenious. But their methods remind me a little of *The Adventure*, that throwback in time to Marie Antoinette's Little Trianon. In both these adventures in detection, the authors seem to me to put the cart before the horse. They have set out to substantiate cases on which they have made their minds up before coming into court. But that method doesn't do for Lord Goddard or even Justice Muddlecombe, who are compelled to obey the drab and boring rules of evidence, harshly ruling out "hearsay." I should like to think that the "lost years" were spent in great houses in Lancashire and thereabouts. But I cannot find the case established, and I am afraid Lord Goddard would deal harshly with the hearsay and the handwriting experts and the ingenious inferences. There is nothing new in taking some liberties with the laws of evidence in efforts to throw light on Shakespeare; Lee, Raleigh, Masefield, Bailey (among moderns) all took such liberties and gave the Baconians some handles for scoffing. But the authors of *The Annotator* open a very interesting field for further research, and I enjoyed their ingenuity.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

New Ships for the Run to South Africa

John May Describes the Quartet of Passenger-Cargo Liners which is Setting New Standards of Sea Travel

A MAJOR ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN LONDON

THE STATUE OF CHRIST FOUND UNDER THE BOMBED MERCERS' CHAPEL IN CHEAPSIDE, LONDON: This early Renaissance figure of Christ, of outstanding beauty, is described as one of the major archæological discoveries in London of this century. *Above*, is a view of the whole statue, while *below*, the detail of the damaged head is shown.

The original Mercers' chapel was part of the house of the Knights of St. Thomas of Acre, founded by the sister of St. Thomas à Becket about twenty years after his murder. A new chapel was built between 1518 and 1522, which was destroyed during the Great Fire and replaced by a smaller one in 1682 which, in turn, was destroyed during the last war. When workmen were clearing this site at the end of last month the statue was found about 5 ft. below the chapel floor, against the east wall of the middle vault.

It represents the dead body of Christ, lying flat on a rough bier of three transverse beams, covered by the royal mantle that Pilate's soldiers gave him. The broken crown of thorns lies beneath his head, one thorn from it having pierced the brow above the left eye. The right arm, the left hand and both feet are missing. The slab is 6 ft. 5½ ins. long and 2 ft. 3 ins. wide. Though damaged, its beauty remains.

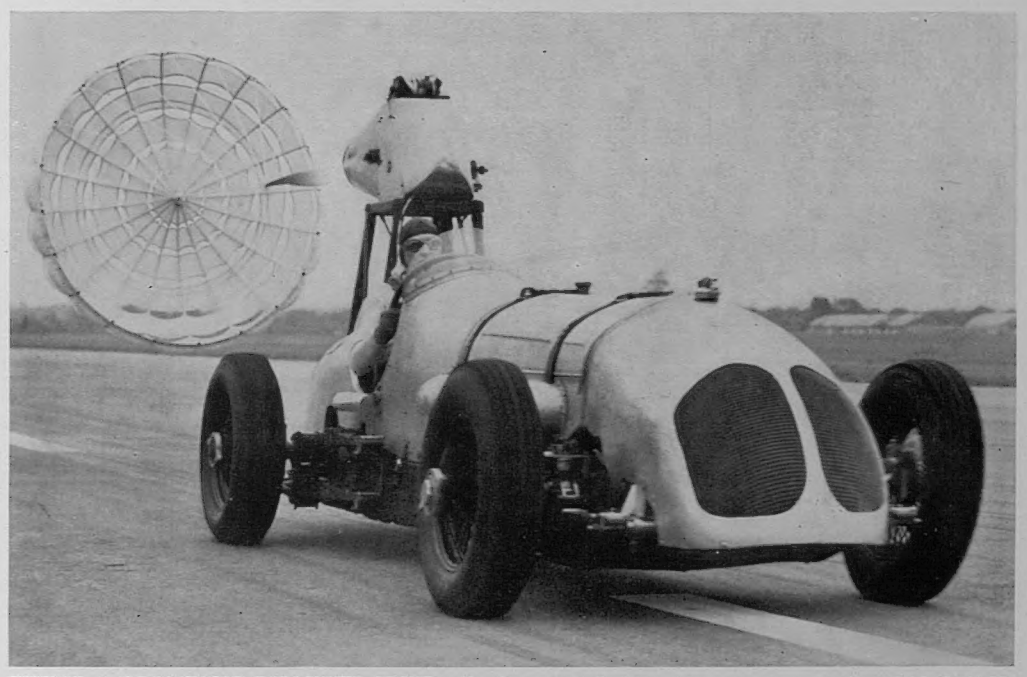
First judgments suggest that the statue is part of an Easter Sepulchre, dating from the early part of the sixteenth century, which was prudently buried when that rite was abolished in 1549.

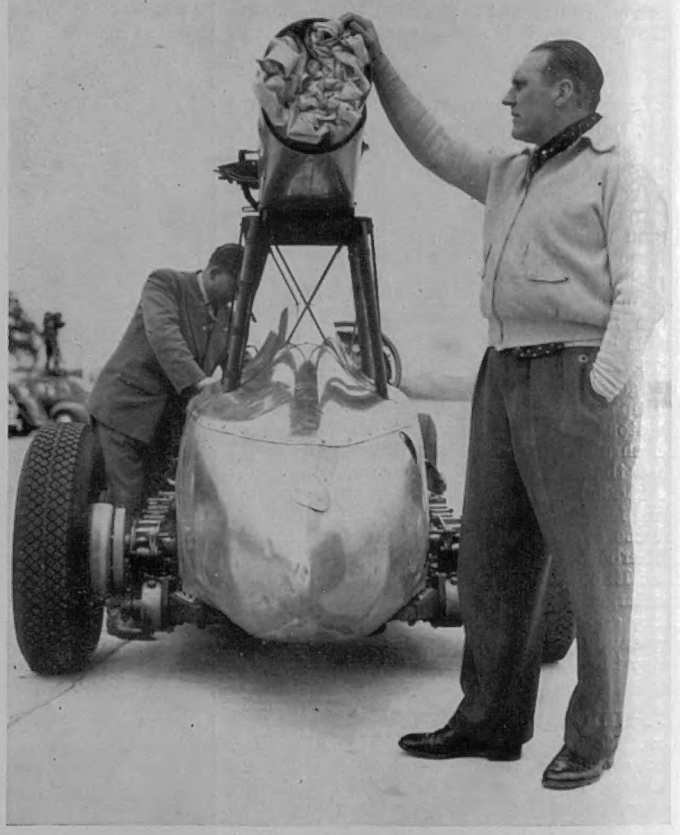
HIGH-SPEED TESTS

THE MOTOR INDUSTRY'S NEW PROVING-GROUND; A RETRACTABLE PARACHUTE BRAKE FOR JET AIRCRAFT; FATEFUL TAXI-ING TRIALS FOR AMERICA'S LATEST JET TRANSPORT PLANE

THE NEW PROVING-GROUND OF THE MOTOR INDUSTRY RESEARCH ASSOCIATION AT LINDLEY, NUNEATON: A Vanguard is driven through the shallow water-splash, which tests waterproofing of ignition and under-parts. Already over twenty-five cars use the ground every day.

A MINISTER AT SPEED: Mr. A. T. Lennox-Boyd, Minister of Transport, who opened the new 650-acre proving-ground, is driven at 140 m.p.h. by Mr. N. Davis, chief tester of the Jaguar Company, in a new Jaguar sports car on the high-speed track at Lindley: The high-speed track has been built with super-elevated curves to allow of sustained speeds of over 100 m.p.h. Its object, however, is to aid development in safety and reliability rather than to test maximum speeds. The proving-ground has 12½ miles of tracks, including water-splashes, dips and bumps, corrugated surfaces, dust-tunnels, cross-country and noise-generating tracks. There is also a laboratory. The cost of the ground and laboratory, borne by the 900 members of the Association, was about £500,000.





TESTING A RETRACTABLE PARACHUTE BRAKE: Sir Raymond Quilter demonstrates, at Dunsfold Airfield, the new brake on the famous Napier Railton car which belonged to the late John Cobb. *On right*—Sir Raymond shows how the parachute is retracted into its casing. The first retractable brake parachute is being developed for the Ministry of Supply by the G.Q. Parachute Company, of Woking. It will be used for the new jet fighters and bombers of the R.A.F. A 2-h.p. electric motor winds the attachment strop and the rigging lines of the parachute on to a drum after the brake has been in use. A lever is pressed to apply the brake. This releases the parachute, which in the demonstration runs reduced the Napier Railton's speed of 100 m.p.h. to 50 m.p.h. in a distance of between 200 and 300 yards.

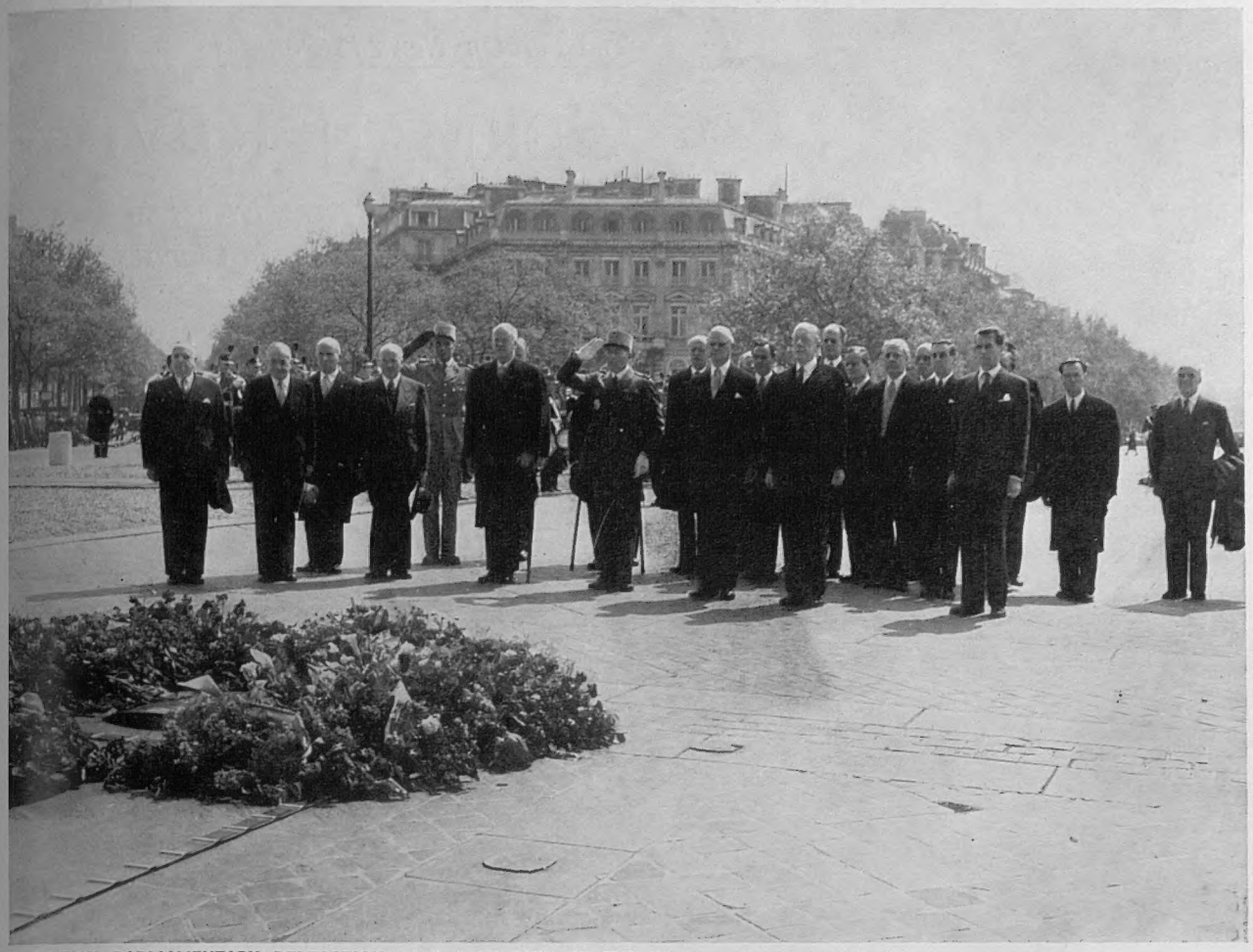
THE UNITED STATES CHALLENGER TO THE BRITISH COMET COLLAPSES ON ITS FIRST TRIAL RUN: The picture *above* shows the new Boeing 707 jet transport plane resting on two of its four jet engines after the port landing gear had collapsed and pushed through the wing during its first taxi-ing trial. *On left* is a close-up of damage caused by the under-carriage. Pictures of the 707 when it was first shown to the public appear on page 377 of this issue. This accident illustrates one of the drawbacks to placing the engines in pods below the wings. If the aircraft had been travelling at speed there would have been danger of the engines catching fire or exploding when hitting the ground. The British method of burying the engines in the wings lessens the danger of this happening. It is expected that this accident will delay tests for some weeks. If it is discovered that the accident was caused by a structural failure, the whole undercarriage may have to be redesigned. This would cause further delay.

THE JUBILEE OF THE ENTENTE CORDIALE

A British Parliamentary Delegation Visits Paris to Celebrate the Entente's 50th Anniversary

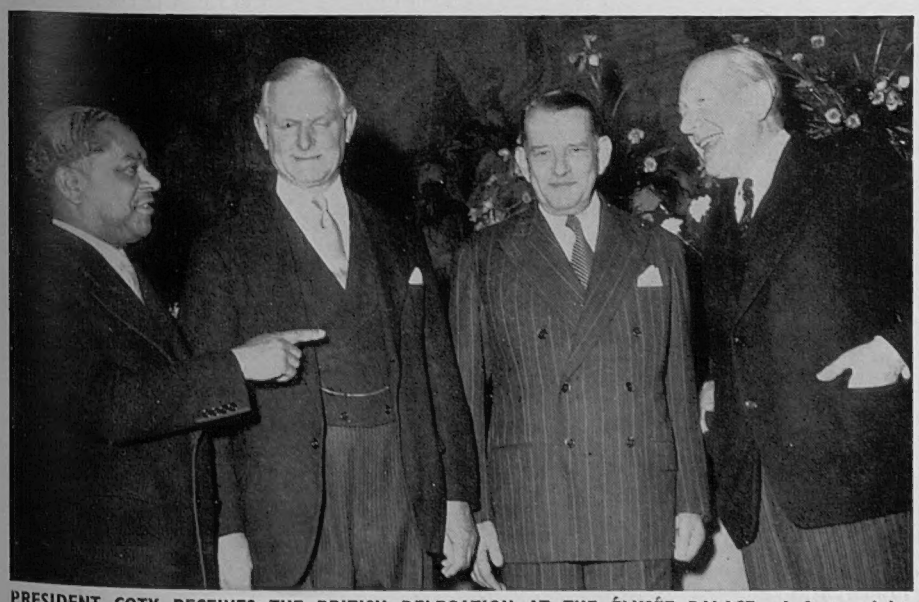
Last week-end a British Parliamentary Delegation visited Paris to attend the fiftieth anniversary celebrations of the Entente Cordiale. Led by Lord Teynham for the Lords and Mr. Walter Elliot for the Commons, it included Lord Listowel, Lord Rea, Lord Rennell, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst, Sir Douglas Savory, Lord Hinchingbrooke, Mr. J. Dugdale and Mr. Maurice Edelman. Lord Bessborough, as Chairman of the Franco-British Society, was also in the party.

After laying a wreath at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, they attended a reception at the National Assembly and a lunch given by the Franco-British groups of both French Houses. Later, after a reception given by the French President at the Élysée Palace, they went to a meeting held by the Association France-Grande Bretagne in the Great Hall of the Sorbonne. There, Sir Gladwyn Jebb read the speech prepared for the occasion by Mr. Eden, who had been unable to leave Geneva; he pointed out that although the Entente Cordiale of 1904 was a *mariage de raison*, the couple thus united had become more and more fond of one another through the years.



A BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION LAYS A WREATH AT THE TOMB OF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN PARIS: To mark the fiftieth anniversary of the Entente Cordiale, a Parliamentary delegation, headed by Lord Teynham and Mr. Walter Elliot—they stand on the left of the officer in the centre of the group—visited Paris last week-end.

MR. EDEN LUNCHES AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY WITH M. LANIEL: Mr. Eden broke his journey back from Geneva to attend the luncheon given by M. Bidault to mark the Entente jubilee. Later, he discussed the Indo-China situation with M. Bidault and M. Laniel.



PRESIDENT COTY RECEIVES THE BRITISH DELEGATION AT THE ÉLYSÉE PALACE: Left to right are: M. Gaston Monnerville, President of the French Senate, Lord Teynham, President Coty and Mr. Walter Elliot. Later they all attended a meeting at the Sorbonne.

LORD TEYNHAM SIGNS THE "GOLDEN BOOK" AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: Behind Lord Teynham stands Mr. Walter Elliot; both men, as leaders of their delegations, signed the book after the brief wreath-laying ceremony.

AT THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE: After the wreath-laying at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Mr. Walter Elliot exchanges greetings with Colonel Tassy of the Republican Guard. To the right of Mr. Elliot can be seen Lord Bessborough.

The Foreign News in Pictures

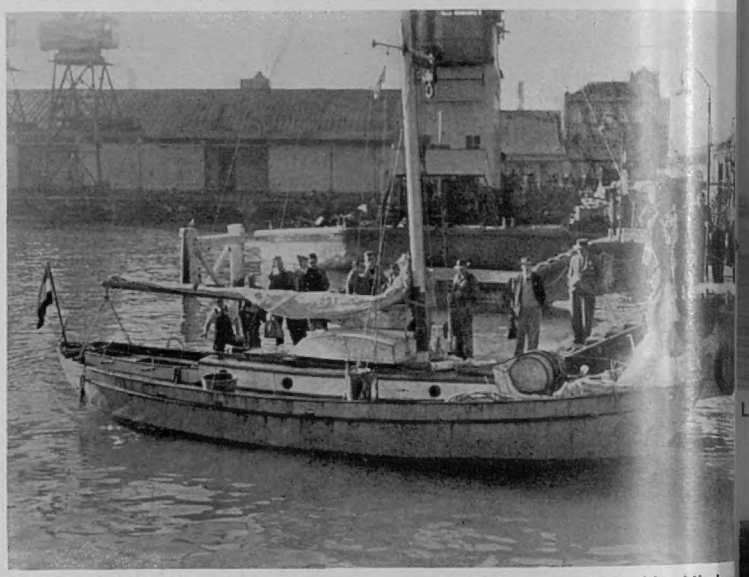
GERMAN REVIVALS

And Other Recent Events in Europe and in Indo-China

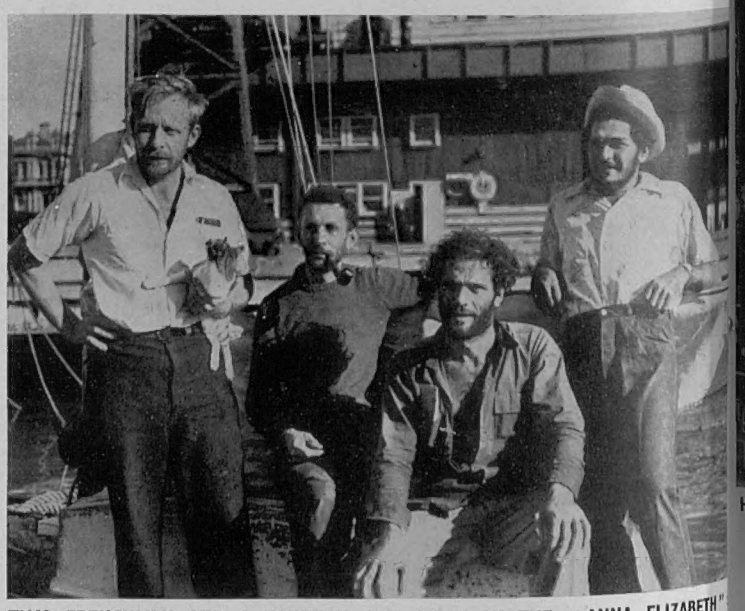
BAVARIANS HAIL THEIR FORMER CROWN PRINCE : Hands are raised in salute to ex-Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who is standing in the centre of the balustrade of his castle at Nymphenburg, near Munich. In the foreground is the band, without whom no Bavarian ceremony is really complete, in traditional hats and coats. The occasion for this display of loyalty to the head of the Bavarian Royal House was the eighty-fifth birthday of Prince Rupprecht. Several thousand Bavarians flocked to the castle to attend an open-air Mass and to cheer him. Members of the Wittelsbach family who were present for the birthday celebrations, which went on for ten days, included the ex-Crown Prince's son and grandson.

GERMAN SUBMARINE COMMANDERS COME TO THE SURFACE IN HAMBURG : A number of U-boat officers of the last war are seen standing before the First World War memorial in Hamburg. They were among the 4,000 submarine men who met for their first post-war rally. They paid tribute to the memory of 32,000 of their comrades who were killed during the last war. One of the former U-boat commanders who were present is now an adviser to the Society of Democratic Circles; two others are working for a church welfare organisation.

THE STUDENTS ADD THEIR GOOD WISHES : Ex-Crown Prince Rupprecht with students dressed in traditional style at Nymphenburg Castle. Prince Rupprecht was the son of King Ludwig of Bavaria, whose reign came to an end with the conclusion of the First World War and who died in 1921.

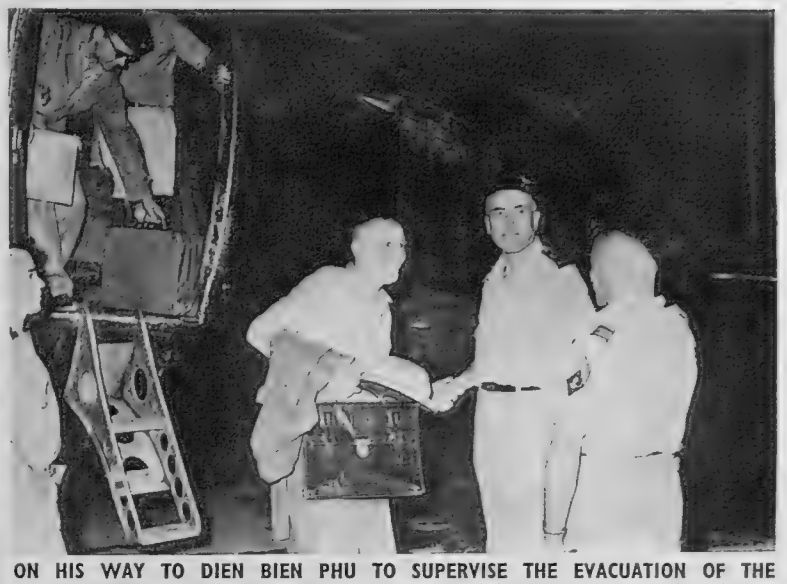


ROUND THE WORLD IN A 10-TON SLOOP : The *Anna Elizabeth* in Auckland Harbour after a 1,700-mile journey to New Zealand from Rarotonga, in the Cook Islands. The sloop belongs to thirty-eight-year-old Ernest Lamberty, a Dutchman, who is now on his way round the world. Lamberty has led an adventurous life. At nineteen he ran away from his naval school in Holland and joined the French Foreign Legion. There he won the Croix de Guerre, but he tired of the life and deserted to rejoin the Dutch Navy in 1941. After the war he left Europe in a 30-ft. converted lifeboat and reached the Marquesas Islands, in the Pacific, in 1949. There he married the Polynesian daughter of the Chief of Atuona. The following year he left the islands, wrote books on sea adventure and life in the Foreign Legion, and bought the *Anna Elizabeth*. When he has completed his trip round the world Lamberty wants to return to his wife in the Marquesas.



TWO FRENCHMEN AND A TAHITIAN ARE CREW ON THE "ANNA ELIZABETH" : Ernest Lamberty, extreme left, with the crew; from left, Paul Fargé and Charlie Chaubaud, both Frenchmen, and Fletters Gobrait, a Tahitian.

THE FIRST WOUNDED ARRIVE AT LUANG PRABANG : A helicopter load of badly wounded French Union troops on arrival from Dien Bien Phu. Stretcher bearers are seen wading across a waterlogged field to a Red Cross Dakota aircraft standing near by, ready to take them to hospital in Hanoi. The evacuation of wounded had to be cancelled when it was seen that, for their own ends, the Viet Minh were delaying the operation as much as possible.



ON HIS WAY TO DIEN BIEN PHU TO SUPERVISE THE EVACUATION OF THE WOUNDED : Professor Huard, carrying a briefcase, being greeted at Luang Prabang by General Dechaux, of the French Military Hospital Services. Professor Huard, who is Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Hanoi, left shortly afterwards by helicopter for Dien Bien Phu to supervise the evacuation of wounded French Union forces. This evacuation had come about as the result of an agreement between the French Command and the Viet Minh rebels, whereby soldiers badly wounded in the defence of the fortress would be evacuated, while the French promised not to bomb or shell Viet Minh roads. It was immediately apparent, however, that the airstrip at the captured fortress was not fit for the landing of hospital planes. It was also obvious that the Viet Minh were unwilling to repair it, and that they were only allowing the evacuation of casualties so as to protect their supply routes

LAUNCHING A FLOATING DOCK NEAR HAMBURG : The giant dock after its launching by a local schoolgirl on Lake Audorf. The floating dock is nearly 500 ft. in length, weighs 10,000 tons and has a lifting capacity of 75,000 tons. It was built by the Gute Hoffnungshütte Steel Works for the Deutsche Werft Shipbuilding Company in Hamburg, and it is expected that it will be ready for use this summer.

NARROW ESCAPE IN A LANDSLIDE : The small car seen in the foreground was crushed by tons of earth and rock which fell on the main road at Arenzano, near Genoa, which workmen are seen trying to clear. The driver of the car was dragged out unhurt. This landslide occurred at the same spot on the Aurelia highway at which a similar slide stopped traffic for three days last year. The road connects Rome with the Riviera.

HUGE CROWDS AT THE FUNERAL OF ISABEL GOLDSMITH : A large number of women are seen milling around the 12-ft.-high catafalque inside the Church of St. Honore d'Eylau, in Paris. Mrs. Isabel Goldsmith had died in Paris of a cerebral hæmorrhage. Before her death, however, she gave birth to a baby girl, who has survived. She was the nineteen-year-old daughter of the Bolivian millionaire Antenor Patino. She eloped to Scotland in January to marry Mr. Goldsmith.

THE MARCH ON ROME OF THE ITALIAN BLIND : The column of blind people, including women, passing through the streets of Orvieto on their way from Florence to Rome. The "march," on which 150 blind people set out, was designed to draw attention to the plight of the 40,000 blind civilians in Italy for whom no provision is made at present. The last stage of the 180-mile journey was made by train, and some seventy people were received in the centre of Rome by the President of the Chamber of Deputies. They were assured that a Bill proposing pensions of about £9 a month would receive the consideration of the Treasury and Finance Committee of the Chamber.

RUSSIA'S CANBERRA EMBASSY STAFF REACH LONDON

After Week-ending at the London Embassy, Most of Them Left for Moscow by Plane

A LITTLE RUSSIAN LOOKS AT ENGLAND : Dressed in sailor kit, this little boy was one of the youngest of the forty-eight members of the Russian Canberra Embassy party.

THE RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO AUSTRALIA GOES HOME : Mr. Nikolai Generalov was met by a large Zis limousine, which took him to the Soviet Embassy in London.

OUTSIDE THE SOVIET EMBASSY IN LONDON : This little girl, as she mounts the steps of the Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens, is one stage nearer home. There were eleven children in the party of recalled Russians.

THE STAFF OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY IN CANBERRA ARRIVE IN ENGLAND : Two Russian women, followed by a man, are seen stepping ashore from the liner *New Australia* at Southampton. Police cordoned off the quayside as they disembarked five hours after the liner docked ; the delay was officially described as due to "a hitch in the immigration formalities which was eventually resolved." The Russians, recalled from Australia as a result of Petrov's spy-ring revelations, were believed to have objected to immigration officers' questions and to have claimed diplomatic privilege. M.I.5 men were among the first to board the ship as it docked. The Russians were the only passengers aboard the *New Australia*, a 1,600-berth immigration ship which normally returns from Australia empty, by agreement with the shipping line.

RUSSIANS IN A HAPPY MOOD : Seen alighting at Kensington Palace Gardens from the two motor-coaches which brought them from Southampton are some of the Canberra Embassy staff. After spending the week-end at the London Embassy, twenty-six of them then flew off to Moscow.

On left—

MOSCOW BOUND : These Russian women and children seem not the slightest bit put out by their sudden recall from Australia. The party—19 men, 18 women and 11 children—were followed to London in their two coaches by a lorry full of luggage. Their Ambassador followed them in a yellow-curtained limousine supplied by the London Embassy.

A ROYAL PRELUDE to the SOLENT REGATTAS

The Royal Yacht "Britannia" Steams Through the Solent Before the Opening of the Two Regattas Described Here

By UFFA FOX

A RIGHT ROYAL PRELUDE TO THE SOLENT REGATTAS—THE SMALL CRAFT OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT BOB IN WELCOME AS THE QUEEN PASSES IN THE ROYAL YACHT "BRITANNIA": Among the many small ships which sailed out to meet the *Britannia* on the eve of the Regatta were the two Royal racing boats, *Bluebottle* and *Coweslip*, which sailed to within 25 yards of the Royal yacht and saluted the Queen and the Royal Family. On the following two days these two yachts both won races.

MAY 1 is the traditional date for launching yachts; this, with two weeks for stepping masts, fitting out and getting gear on board, means that they are ready for sea and racing by May 14.

When the blackthorn is in flower we get Blackthorn Winter, a period when, although the sun is warm, there is a bite in the cold easterly wind.

Towards the middle of the month the whitethorn (May) began to blossom, a sign that winter was past. So although there was warmth in the sun when out, there was still the cold and blustery north-east wind when *Britannia* came home with the Royal Family on board, and the sailing season started with the final fling of Blackthorn Winter.

Friday, May 14, on the Solent came in with a light northerly breeze. The Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal London Yacht Club, the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, the Island Sailing Club, East Cowes Sailing Club, Gurnard Sailing Club, and all the yachts in the harbour, were dressed overall—the largest yacht being Sir Bernard Docker's *Shemara*.

All at Cowes waited with glad hearts for the evening, to see the Royal yacht *Britannia* sail past. Most of the people on the Isle of Wight had for days been planning and thinking which part would be the best vantage point to greet the Queen and her family, and all who could manned the northern shore of the Isle of Wight to greet them with thankful hearts.

In the forenoon, the two small Royal yachts *Bluebottle* and *Coweslip* sailed quietly out of Cowes and down to the Needles on the ebb tide to meet the *Britannia*, some three miles west-south-west of the Needles.

Visibility was some four miles, and suddenly the *Britannia*, with her naval escort, came looming through the mist, steaming along at some 15 knots. The two small yachts let their sheets fly, dipped Ensigns, saluted, hoisted their Ensigns again, and then gave "three cheers" for the Queen and the Royal Family—all from a distance of something like 25 yards from the Royal yacht *Britannia*.

In a few moments she had swirled by, she and her escort were lost in the mist and were soon entering the Needles Channel, where they were greeted by innumerable yachts of all sizes, from large to small, and the two small Royal yachts *Coweslip* and *Bluebottle* had a dead beat home, and arrived back in Cowes at nine o'clock, just saving the last of the ebb tide home.

The first two of the Solent Regattas were under the burgee of the Royal London Yacht Club, the first race of all being the fifty-mile race round the Poole Bar Buoy to port and back to Cowes.

There were nineteen cruisers, ranging from 7 to 56 tons, entered for the race: *Marqueza* (owner Major B. C. Windeler); *Lutine* (owned by Lloyds Yacht Club); *Sunmaid II* (owner G. B. Bowles); *Mæander* (owner Air-Commodore A. V. Harvey); *Tigris* (owner Colonel E. G. Dutfield, T.D.); *Thanet* (owners Sydney Graham, C.B.E., and G. Dudley Head); *Joanne* (owner H. F. Gillham); *Farida* (owner C. E. Donne); *Lothian* (owner F. R. Woodroffe, M.C.); *Sandavore* (owner Viscount Runciman); *Griffin* (owned by R.O.R.C.); *Marabu* (owned by R.N.V.R. Sailing Club); *Taiseer V* (owner Group-Captain R. J. F. Barton); *Kaladana* (owner Air-Commodore Grandy); *Dædalus* (owner Stephen Ratsey); *Favona* (owner Sir Michael Newton); *Babar* (owner Mrs. Helen Tobin); *Wal* (owned by H.M.S. *Collingwood*); *Norlethe* (owner R. R. Burton). The last-named was a non-starter.

THE HOME OF THE ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB AT COWES: This is one of the senior clubs in the country and was originally founded in London, but later moved to the Isle of Wight, where waters are wider. The club is used regularly by members who travel down from London for week-ends, throughout the year.

The start was at 9.30 a.m., with the first of the ebb tide, which gave a good long day, and meant that the small boats would carry, if necessary, a six-hour tide to Poole Bar and a six-hour tide back. The wind was out of the north-east, blowing about 12 to 15 miles an hour, which made a reaching start and meant all the vessels going really well as they went across the line at about half their maximum speeds.

About half-way down the Solent most of them started setting spinnakers, and as the course bent further south at Hurst, the whole fleet had their spinnakers set. After going out through the Needles Channel the course came closer to the wind, and half the fleet over this part of the race set spinnakers and the other half, their largest reaching jibs, and it was difficult to say which was best.

Everyone was down at the Poole Bar Buoy long before the ebb had finished, and so the whole fleet had to sail against the tide at the beginning of the beat to windward home. The larger and faster boats arrived on the strong tide near the Isle of Wight long before it had started to ease. *Thanet*, the fastest boat with the largest rating, chose to go in through the Needles Channel, but *Lutine*, the second largest (sailed for Lloyds Yacht Club by Mr. E. Ellsworth Jones), came in through the North Channel and was the first boat home, sailing so fast that she was home with the ebb tide still against her. The smaller boats, however, being much lighter, came up with a fair tide, and under these conditions it is not surprising that the smallest boat in the race, *Babar* (sailed by her owner, Mrs. Helen Tobin), won the Bossom Gold Cup, with *Lothian* second, and *Taiseer V*, third. Fourth prize was won by *Dædalus*, steered by young Stephen Ratsey, with a crew of youngsters on board, which augurs well for the coming generation.

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE WINNER OF THE 50-MILE POOLE BAR RACE, *Babar*, is seen being sailed by her owner, Mrs. Helen Tobin. This was the smallest boat in the race, which is for yachts of 5 tons and over. *Babar's* corrected time was 5 hrs. 6 mins. 8 secs.

"THANET" LEADING "MARABU"—AN INCIDENT DURING THE RACE TO THE POOLE BAR BUOY AND BACK: *Thanet* is owned by Mr. Sydney Graham and Mr. G. Dudley Head, and *Marabu* (nearer the camera) is owned by the R.N.V.R. Sailing Club

THE SOLENT REGATTAS

(*Continued from previous page*)

An interesting change had been carried out in the rigs of *Lothian* and *Joanne*. Last year both these small ocean racers had their headsails set at approximately 75 per cent. of the mast height, but this year both decided to try the masthead rig and to drop to the lower fore triangle if they found the rig was not standing.

Both these boats went remarkably fast over the first part of the course, and on the first part of the beat home, when the wind was light, but as the wind strengthened to something like 18 miles per hour, the sails sagged away, and they both changed down to their 75 per cent. height rig and went all the better to windward for it.

The dinner at the Royal London Yacht Club that night was a great deal of fun, with everyone telling of their different experiences in the race.

The Poole Bar race should have been followed, later in the day, by the normal regatta, with races of six classes: Race No. 1 (6 metres International Class); Race No. 2 (5.5-metres International Class); Race No. 3 (Dragon Class); Race No. 4 ("X" O.D. Class); Race No. 5 (Flying Fifteens); Race No. 6 (Scows). The last two races, however, could not be held as there were no starters.

Only two yachts were entered in the 6-metres class, *Thistle*, owned by Mrs. H. Dreyfus, and the latest 6-metre to be built, *Marylette*, owned by Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Harrison. The 6-metre class is all that is left of the International Yacht Racing Union rule which, in its time, produced the 23, 19, 15, 12, 8 and 6-metre classes. The 23-metres formed the backbone of the J class and the 19 and 15-metres, which died out after the 1914-18 war. Between the two wars there was a strong class of 12 and 8-metres, but the heavy taxation has killed both of these classes.

All these metre boats were thoroughbreds, and nothing has been designed before or since to equal their performance to windward. People who have not sailed in them have missed the glory of their powerful drive to windward. Those who have not felt the tremendous joy of this drive to windward in a 6-, 8- or 12-metre have also missed one of the most wonderful feelings on earth—and these 6-metres bring back to us the glory of these classes.

However, neither of these two 6-metre boats answered the starters' signals of the first two regattas, although Mrs. Dreyfus, in *Thistle*, came to the line with her racing sail set for the race. Neither did any of their new sisters in the 5.5-metre class.

The Dragon races, however, were lively and spirited. Since the war the Dragons have been very popular. With the years they wax and wane, but they still go on.

The year ahead promises to be one of the best years for the Dragon class in these waters, and this, the first racing week-end of the year, was full of interest.

There are two new Dragons, Vice-Commodore Dick Freemantle's *Sable* and Sir Arthur Longmore's *Red Dragon*, inspired by the game of Mah-Jong. These two new boats bring the entry up to twenty-four, a wonderful fleet for these days.

There were six starters in the first day's race, and Dick Hewitt sailed the Queen's *Bluebottle* in a wonderful way, and she won her class race. The second boat to finish was the Vice-Commodore Dick Freemantle's *Sable* and she promises to be an outstanding boat, for to come in second so soon after fitting-out speaks highly of the vessel, her helmsman and crew. The third boat to finish was *Nerine*, owned by Mrs. M. De Selincourt.

In the "X" class there were nine entered, and although not fast by modern standards (the class is some thirty years old), they have a great deal to commend them. They are safe, sturdy, seaworthy, and very

THREE MORE YACHTS SEEN COMPETING IN THE ARDUOUS POOLE BAR RACE: *On the left* is *Favona*, owned by Sir Michael Newton. *In the centre*, *Taiseer V*, owned by Group-Captain R. J. F. Barton, which came third in the race, with a corrected time of 5 hrs. 13 mins. 29 secs. *In the picture on the right* is *Marqueza*, owned by Major B. C. Windeler. There were altogether eighteen boats in the race, ranging from *Babar*, the smallest, to the 56½-ton ketch, *Mæander*.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S YACHT AT COWES: *Coweslip*, sailed by Mr. Uffa Fox, won the race for the Flying Fifteens. This was the third Royal win in the regatta; the Dragon-class yacht *Bluebottle* having two wins.

TWO OF THE YACHTS WHICH TOOK PART IN THE "X" O.D. CLASS RACES AT COWES: *Bintie* and *Helena* are seen battling their way to windward. In the first day's racing *Helena* was second, with *Bintie* third. The latter also came third on the second day. Although some of the yachts in this class are up to 30 years old, they are very seaworthy. This picture and that on left were taken during a previous regatta.

seldom get into trouble of any kind, no matter what the weather. Because of these virtues, they will be racing with us till time with us is no more.

Linnet was the winner in this class, with *Helena* second and *Bintie* third.

The second day, Sunday the 16th, came in with a fresher breeze, but still from the north-east, but although the wind was stronger, the day was brighter and there was far more sparkle in the sailing. Again there were no 6-metres or 5.5's, and the first race was for seven Dragons, all of them looking a magnificent sight as they sailed and slipped through the water at their maximum speeds, for the wind was about 20 miles per hour in strength and gusting up to 25. Once again the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh's *Bluebottle* led the fleet in a convincing manner, and once more the Vice-Commodore was second in *Sable*.

It was the first race for Donald Legg, a newcomer to the class, who had bought *Polaris*, and he sailed so well that he finished third, and it would seem that he will have to be contended the rest of the season, for once he has settled down it looks as though he will always be in the first three.

The second class over the line was the "X" class, and this fleet split in two, some of them going up the Island shore and some going across to the English shore, and the first boat home was one that came up the Island shore, the *Linnet*, steered by George Dowling, the Deputy Surveyor of Cowes. The second boat was sailed by young Karen Lowein and it is a good omen that women can be in the prize list on such a blowy day. *Bintie* was third.

Ten minutes after the "X" class started, the Flying Fifteens were ordered away, and these found the weather exactly to their liking and this race was won by the Royal yacht *Coweslip*, and she sailed so fast round the course that she not only sailed right through the "X" class fleet (which had started 10 minutes earlier), but beat them home by 10½ minutes, being 20½ minutes faster in one round on the same course as the "X" class. The Flying Fifteens cost less than any other keel class. They are light, lively, fast and exciting thoroughbreds, and because they give so much fun for their money, they are growing in all parts of the country, their numbers now being in the region of 150.

The little scows were the last race of the day, and these boats made a brave show in the jump of the sea, *Crown* being first, *Comrade* second, and *Lucky* third. The scows, 11 ft. only in length and with a modest lugsail, are found in three main centres on the Solent—Bembridge, Cowes and Yarmouth.

These small boats are most reasonable in cost and upkeep, besides being simple boats to sail. Because of the smallness of their sail, they require very little strength to handle, so they are ideal boats for teaching children to sail. They have been in being for some thirty years and have a great deal to commend them.

All who had raced in the opening regattas on the Solent enjoyed perfect sailing weather, if on the cold side, and the Royal London Yacht Club was a lively and excited club.

THE "MÆANDER," THE HEAVIEST VESSEL IN THE POOLE BAR RACE: This 56½-ton ketch is owned by Air-Commodore A. V. Harvey. The larger and faster boats in this race were home in extremely good times. *Lutine*, of 33 tons, owned by Lloyds Yacht Club, was the first yacht home, nearly two hours ahead of the eventual winner.

DEMONSTRATION OF A BEACH ASSAULT—"RUNAGROUND V" GETS UNDER WAY AT EASTNEY: Troops of the Rifle Brigade running up the beach near Southsea after disembarking from landing craft. It was part of the first of four demonstrations in amphibious warfare which are held annually for students at the Staff Colleges of the three Services and for representatives of the North Atlantic Treaty Powers. Strong Army and Royal Marine units took part, with vessels of the Royal Navy and Naval and R.A.F. air squadrons.

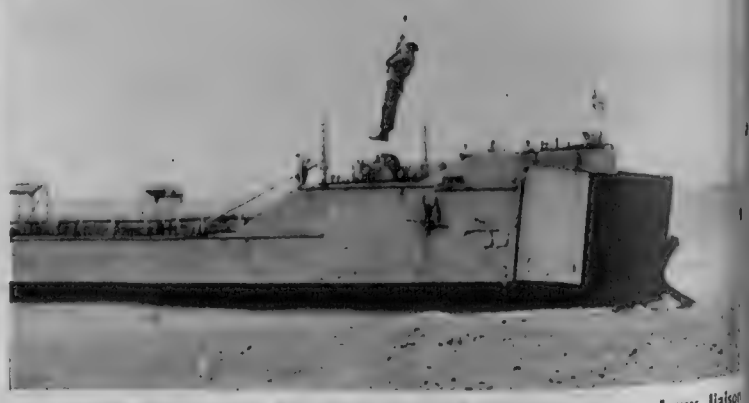
TANK-LANDING CRAFT UNDER FIRE: A touch of realism at the demonstration at Eastney, as the beach comes under fire. The first part of this demonstration showed the preliminary reconnaissance and sequence of events in an amphibious assault against a defended beach.

PROTECTION AGAINST MINES: A tank with anti-mine flail coming ashore. Among those who watched the demonstrations were Admiral of the Fleet Sir Rhoderick McGrigor, the First Sea Lord, and Lieut.-General J. C. Westall, Commandant General, Royal Marines.

Since 1949 demonstrations of amphibious assaults have been held each year for the benefit of students at the Naval, Army and Air Force Staff Colleges. Since the first demonstrations much has been learned and new aspects of combined operations have been emphasised. Perhaps the most outstanding feature of this year's display at Eastney, near Southsea, was the use of the helicopter. The official commentator told the spectators that there was an urgent need for helicopters, particularly for use in areas affected by atomic attack. The British Army is sadly lacking in these machines, and considerably behind the American Army in making use of them. The suitability of helicopters for evacuating the wounded from front-line positions is now acknowledged. Perhaps the brief but important demonstrations at Eastney have driven home the lesson that helicopters should be used for the easy and speedy movement of commanders and vital personnel to the scene of action. The First Sea Lord and the Chief of Naval Staff at any rate seem to have taken the lessons to heart, for they flew to and from the Royal Marine cliff-scaling demonstrations in the Isle of Wight by naval helicopter.

HELICOPTERS IN A BEACH ATTACK

A New Development at this Year's Demonstration of Amphibious Warfare at Eastney, Hampshire



THE HELICOPTER COMES INTO USE: The "Beach Master," an Army liaison officer, being picked up by helicopter to be taken out to a warship. This year the use of the helicopter in amphibious landings was demonstrated.

WADING ASHORE : With naval landing craft and warships in the distance, amphibious vehicles of different shapes and sizes make their way ashore during the first phase of the demonstration. There followed a second phase at Culver Cliff, Isle of Wight, where there was a demonstration of cliff assaults. Royal Marine Commandos demonstrated their technique in attacking a sheer coastline. They established units on a 250-ft. rock-face, and illustrated methods of throwing ropes with the aid of rockets and mortars.

TWO WAYS OF LANDING WITHOUT GETTING ONE'S FEET WET : *On left*—A special waterproof suit is peeled off an officer who had come ashore to "organise resistance" during the exercise. *On right*—Royal Marines jumping from a naval helicopter on to the beach during the attack. This was one of the most impressive displays of the uses of the helicopter. The machine hovered over the beach, and without its wheels touching the ground, dropped this raiding party of ten Marines.

COMBINED OPERATIONS THE MODERN WAY—LAND, SEA AND AIR CO-OPERATION : The scene at the beaches near Southsea which illustrates graphically the meaning of combined operations. While tanks are disembarking from the landing-craft a helicopter hovers overhead. Meanwhile, protection is given to the landing forces by warships out at sea and by aircraft overhead. Since the demonstrations first began at Eastney in 1949 there have been many improvements in the technique of the amphibious operation.

HERRING FISHERS FROM HOLLAND

At this time of year, the Dutch boats put out to the North Coast of Scotland in search of herring, which they cure and salt on their way home

QUEEN JULIANA IS PRESENTED WITH A BARREL OF SALT HERRINGS AT SOESTDIJK PALACE : Traditionally, the Queen is presented with a barrel of "sea pastry" of the best quality each season. Seen presenting it is the captain of the trawler that brought back the best catch.

On left—
THE SALTING BEGINS : As soon as the catch is brought on board, the work of curing and salting the herrings begins. When the boats reach harbour, the salt herrings then reach the customer without delay.

NEWLY CLEANED, THE EMPTY BARRELS ARE BROUGHT ABOARD : Each year the Dutch herring fleet puts to sea at the end of May for the herring grounds off the north coast of Scotland. They land them in Holland already salted and they are regarded there as a great delicacy.

"FLAGS DAY" IN SCHEVENINGEN : Before the herring fleet sails north, the fishing ports have a day of festivities to wish them luck. Here a boat, dressed with flags, leaves to take part in the fleet review.

THE HERRING AUCTION AT IJMUIDEN : After the catch is sold off, the packing of the salt herring is supervised by a body at The Hague to ensure that the high quality of Holland's salt herrings is maintained. Thousands of barrels are exported every year.

THE WOMEN OF SCHEVENINGEN REPAIR THE NETS : Like the women of fishing villages the world over, these Dutch women work at repairing their men's nets in time for the season. From the ceiling hang the net-floats.

Every year, at the end of May, the Dutch fishing harbours of Scheveningen, Vlaardingen, Katwijk, and Ijmuiden bustle with intense activity as the herring fleet prepares to put to sea. The Dutch rate their herring industry as a very important one; the entire catch is salted on board as soon as it is caught and landed in barrels as a special Dutch delicacy—"sea pastry," as they call their brand of salt herring.

The industry was established by Willem Beukelszoon, of Biervliet, who round about 1350 invented a method of curing herrings. Now salt herrings are sold in shops and stalls throughout the Netherlands and thousands of tons of Dutch "sea pastry" are exported every year.

The preparation for the sailing of the herring fleets is something in which the whole population of the fishing villages takes part. The trawlers are overhauled and repainted, barrels are cleaned, and the nets repaired, this last job always being done by the women of the village. Then, on the eve of sailing, the villages hold their "Flags Day."

Flags Day is a day of general festivities in the fishing villages which draws thousands of tourists from all over Holland. It gets its title from the boats, all of which are dressed overall with a gay show of bunting. Then they put to sea, with scores of visitors on board, for a miniature fleet review.

On the day that the season opens the combined herring fleets all set off together exactly on midnight and make for the waters off the north of Scotland.

Between the Dutch boats there is fierce competition to get back first with the catch; the first barrels of new herring fetch a high price at the market. This race home with the herrings rouses great enthusiasm among the Dutch people. Though, naturally, the inhabitants of the fishing ports hope that one of their boats will be first home, the rest of Holland follows the progress of the race as if it were the Grand National. One Dutch broadcasting station covers the event pretty thoroughly; they keep radio reporters on some of the vessels to follow the progress of the fishing and, as the ships near home, the station broadcasts hourly bulletins on the state of the race.

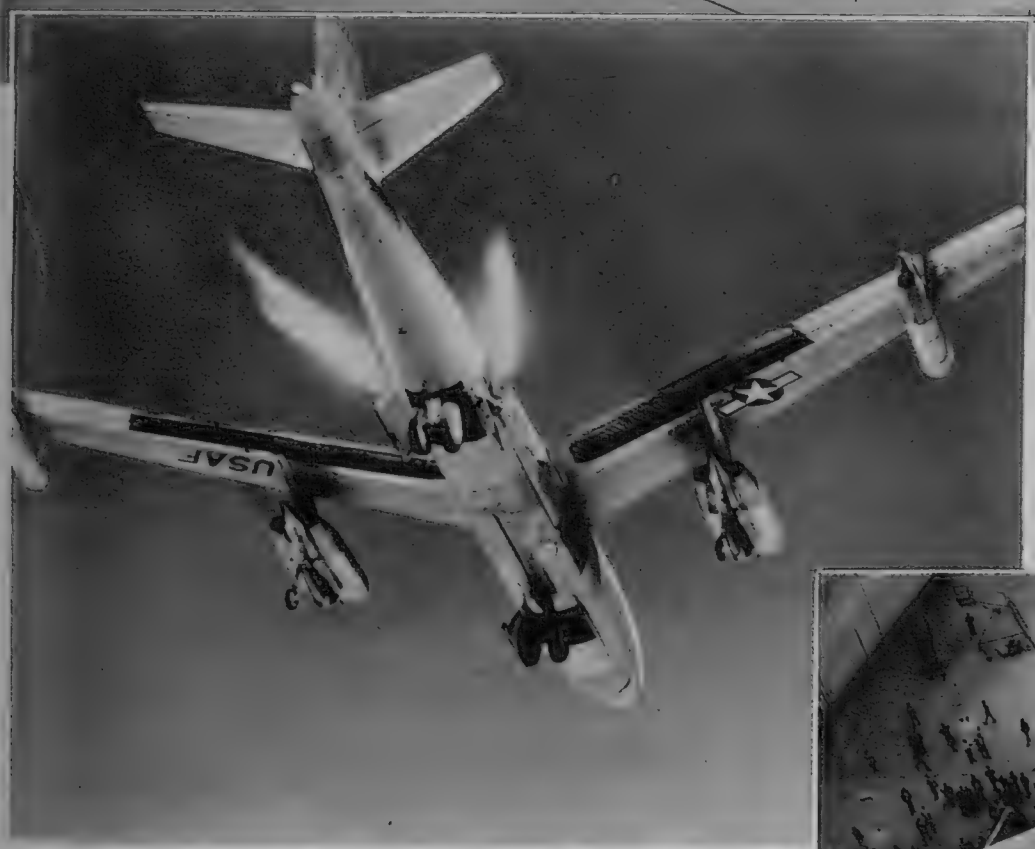
As the catch is brought in, a supervising body back at The Hague controls the packing of the barrels and makes sure that the standard of quality is kept up. Traditionally, one of the first and best of the barrels is presented to Queen Juliana at Soestdijk by a delegation which includes the captain of the ship which made the best catch.

Salt herrings are not supposed to make one thirsty and should be eaten with sliced raw onion. The Dutch way is to clean and fillet the herring, take it by the tail, and drop it whole into one's mouth.

THE FIRST AMERICAN JET TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT MAKES ITS DEBUT: The prototype Boeing 707 four-jet aircraft is seen standing alongside a tanker version of the Stratocruiser airliner—an aircraft which the 707 may eventually replace.

AIR NEWS from AMERICA

The New Four-jet Transport Plane, the Boeing 707, Makes its Debut.



ANOTHER BOEING JET AIRCRAFT—THE B 47—DEMONSTRATES A ROCKET-ASSISTED TAKE-OFF: The flames from the rockets can be seen at the sides of the fuselage. It was experience gained in building these large jet bombers that helped the Boeing Company in designing the 707.

The Boeing jet transport aircraft has been designed to meet many requirements. Built as a private venture by the Boeing Company, it has cost them about £5,000,000. As soon as the initial ground and flight tests are completed, the aircraft will be shown to the United States armed forces, as the company hope that large orders will be placed for the 707 as a tanker or transport plane. As a tanker, it will be useful for the in-flight refuelling of other speedy jet planes. But it is as a transport aircraft that it will make its biggest impression on aviation throughout the world. As well as carrying soldiers and goods for the armed services, the 707 could be used by civilian airlines. Its range has not yet been disclosed, but the makers claim that it will be capable of crossing the Atlantic, in which case it would rival the latest model of the new Comet III, the flight trials of which are to be held soon. The great difference between the Boeing 707 and the Comet airliner is in the placing of the engines. The four Pratt and Whitney JT3-L turbo jets of the 707 are slung well below the wings and are not buried in the main plane as in the British aircraft. This is a general difference between most British and American multi-jet aircraft. The American belief is that, among other things, the engines in the case of fire or explosion, can be jettisoned, and not cause undue damage to the wings. They also make for easier maintenance.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BOEING 707: Some idea of the size of this aircraft can be gained from this picture. It has a span of 130 ft. and it is 127 ft. long. As a passenger liner it could carry up to 100 first-class passengers or 130 tourist class.

THE POSTMAN GOES BY BOAT

Delivering Mail to the Islands of Loch Lomond Involves a Nine-mile Trip, and an Annual Average of Nearly 4,000 Packages and Letters

IN most places in the British Isles the delivery of the Royal Mail is made by postmen travelling either by van or by bicycle—or just walking from street to street. Not so at Loch Lomond, in Scotland, where letters and packages have to be delivered to several islands some distance from each other. When the letters arrive at the Stirlingshire village of Balmaha they are taken aboard a motor launch and Alexander John Macfarlane, registrar, church session clerk, boat hirer, owner of Balmaha Bay, and postman to the isles of Scotland's most celebrated loch, sets off on his journey of delivery.

Mr. Macfarlane has operated this mail service since it came into being in 1948. Twice weekly in the winter and three times a week in the summer his launch *Waterwitch* makes a nine-mile trip around the islands; not once in the last two years has he missed a sailing, despite fog, ice and winter gales. In his cabin are a compass and a specially prepared chart with five-minute intervals at various fixed speeds, to give him his bearings when fog blots out familiar landmarks. In the course of a year Mr. Macfarlane delivers between 3,000 and 4,000 letters and parcels; Christmas mail alone accounts for as many as 400 packages.

THE START OF THE JOURNEY: The mail van arrives at the little Stirlingshire village of Balmaha with letters and packages addressed to several islands in Loch Lomond. Later, the mail is taken to the launch *Waterwitch*, seen in the background, on right, and then delivered to the addressees by Mr. A. J. Macfarlane.

"WATERWITCH" ON HER JOURNEYS ACROSS LOCH LOMOND: *Left*—The launch sails into Inchfad and eagerly awaiting its arrival are Mrs. Hewett and others. There are no landing problems on the rocky shore on a bright spring or summer's day, but it is a different story when a winter gale is blowing. *Right*—With her pendant fluttering in the morning breeze, the *Waterwitch* waits at her moorings for her departure from Balmaha. Mr. Macfarlane is seen carrying mail on board.

The mail is delivered to a varied assortment of people who have, however, one thing in common—a love for island life. Although to the summer tourist they may appear as enchanted isles, their inhabitants have a closer and more realistic acquaintanceship with them. While fully appreciative of the beauty of their surroundings, they know that island life calls for hard work and a readiness to accept winter days of almost complete isolation.

On Inchfad (Long Island) live Mr. and Mrs. Hewett. Of country stock, they have been there two years and have built up a thriving mixed farm. They now have up to 100 sheep and lambs, 25 Highland cattle, 70 to 100 pigs, and a cow. For transporting their cattle and stores from the mainland, the Hewetts use a shallow draft barge. Inchtavannach (Island of Monks), another regular port of call for the mail boat, is occupied by Walter Duff and his wife and two boys. Ex-R.A.F. gunner Mr. Duff runs a croft and acts as water bailiff to the Loch Lomond Angling Association. He is also overseer of various islands belonging to the Colquhoun estates.

Inchmurrin (The Green Isle), once the deer forest of the Dukes of Montrose, is now owned by Mrs. E. G. Scott, who farms the island with the aid of her two sons, Jay and Tom. Both are well-known competitors at Highland Games, and were among those considered for the role of Geordie in the film version of the novel of that name. Electricity and running water are among the amenities of Inchmurrin—an amenity lacking in other islands.

Also resident on Inchmurrin are Mr. J. Coleman-Smith, a former housemaster of Glasgow Academy, and Mrs. Evans-Jones and her three children, the youngest of whom was christened on the island. The arrival of the mail is always an event for Mrs. Evans-Jones, for it may be bringing news from her husband, a District Commissioner in the Sudan. Mr. Coleman-Smith lives in the lodge house below the ruins of Lennox Castle. Conductor of the daily dozen for the B.B.C. for several years, his radio interest is now confined to the less strenuous occupation of viewing the events of the outside world on the television set that he has introduced into his home.

DELIVERING THE MAIL: *Left*—This old ship's bell is used to announce the arrival of the mail boat on the island of Inchmurrin. The bell, mounted on stones, is also used to ring out the glad tidings at Christmas and the New Year. *Right*—Clad in rubber boots, deckhand Angus MacFadyen hands over a letter at Inchlonaig.

One of the most beautiful islands on the loch, Inchlonaig, is owned by Sir Guy Lloyd, M.P. for East Renfrewshire. The island is famed for its ancient yew trees, said to have been planted by King Robert the Bruce. It is the summer resort of Sir Guy and his family, but it also provides a week's shooting in the winter. Another island, Inchcruin, is the home of Mrs. Russell Scott; she inherited it from her father, and lives on it for much of the year.

Although few are now inhabited, the islands of Loch Lomond once formed a community with roots deep in history, but the remnants of the past are now to be seen in places visited only by picnickers. As his mail boat goes in and out among the islands, the grandeur of the scene is heightened for Mr. Macfarlane by the knowledge that his own family, for generations past, have played their part in the communal life of this lovely region.

THE QUEEN DRIVES TO THE CITY

And, Together with the Duke of Edinburgh, Attends the Welcome-back Luncheon at the Mansion House—A Fitting Climax to the Memorable Six-month Commonwealth Tour

On left—

SETTING OUT FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE FOR THE STATE DRIVE TO THE CITY OF LONDON : The State landau carrying the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, seen at the start of the procession to the Mansion House for the traditional welcome-back luncheon given by the Lord Mayor and Corporation. Thousands of people, many of them office workers, during their lunchtime break, lined the Royal route and gave the Queen and her husband a warm welcome. On this occasion the sun shone throughout the proceedings and glinted on the breastplates of the Household Cavalry as they passed by.

Below—

ALONG THE TRIUMPHANT PROCESSIONAL WAY : A general view of the stately and colourful procession as it made its way along the Mall to Admiralty Arch. Towering above the trees are the poles bearing the special decorations recalling the Queen's great tour of the British Commonwealth and Empire.

THE STATE ENTRY INTO THE CITY: The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Noël Bowater, offers the Pearl Sword to the Queen at Temple Bar, the junction between the Strand and Fleet Street, and the western boundary of the City. This traditional ceremony of the sword, said to have been presented to the City by Queen Elizabeth I in 1571, was witnessed by a great mass of people. Following the Queen and the Duke in their carriage were several members of the Royal Household who had accompanied the Royal travellers during the Tour.

THE QUEEN'S STATE DRIVE

THE HOMAGE OF THE CITY

Scenes at Temple Bar, where the Queen Sought Permission to Enter the City of London, and at the Mansion House

On left—

ACKNOWLEDGING THE ACCLAMATION OF THE CROWD FROM THE MANSION HOUSE BALCONY: The building, which was richly decorated for the visit, was used in place of Guildhall, the traditional setting for such an occasion, as the latter is still undergoing bomb-damage repairs. On arrival at the Mansion House the Queen inspected a guard of honour formed by the Honourable Artillery Company.

THE QUEEN DRINKS A TOAST TO THE CITY: She is seen using the silver-gilt cup known as the "Queen's Cup" and commissioned by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths in commemoration of the Coronation. *Below*—The acknowledgment of a loyal toast. From left to right at the top table are the Archbishop of Canterbury; the Queen Mother; the Lord Mayor; Her Majesty; His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh; the Lady Mayoress; the Duke of Gloucester; Princess Margaret, and the Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill. Also present were representatives of the Commonwealth countries through which Her Majesty and the Duke had travelled. In her speech at the luncheon the Queen spoke of the Commonwealth's deep admiration and love for Britain and for her people, and said that she wanted to remind all those present "with all the power at my command," that Britain did not stand alone and that the efforts of the people at home "do not pass unnoticed or unadmired."

OFF TO SCOTLAND FOR A WELL-EARNED REST: Princess Anne covers her eyes against the photographers' flash bulbs as she sits by the Queen in the Royal car on the way to Euston. The Royal Family are taking a well-earned twelve days' holiday together at Balmoral Castle.

THE QUEEN TAKES A HOLIDAY

To Rest After the Strain of the Commonwealth Tour, the Royal Family are Spending Twelve Days on Deeside

On right—

THE ROYAL FAMILY ARRIVES AT EUSTON: The Queen, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, travelled up to Balmoral by train. The Duke of Edinburgh flew on the following day to join them there.

SOVEREIGN'S STANDARDS LAID UP

The Household Cavalry Standards Presented by King George V at Wellington Barracks

The Royal Military Chapel at Wellington Barracks, still badly scarred as the result of enemy action in the last war, provided the setting for the colourful ceremony of laying-up the standards. The Duke of Gloucester and the Earl of Athlone, Colonel of The Life Guards, were there to see the Sovereign's standards of both Regiments of Household Cavalry, The Life Guards and The Royal Horse Guards, handed over to the Chaplain of the Brigade of Guards, the Rev. R. W. Fitzpatrick.

Outside the chapel there was a guard of honour formed by the two regiments. Between them was a line of trumpeters in the State dress of bands of the Household Cavalry, who sounded a fanfare before the standards were carried into the Chapel.

Each regiment has one Sovereign's standard and three squadron standards. The Sovereign's standards are carried only when the regiments are escorting the Sovereign on State occasions, and those that were laid up were the standards presented by King George V in 1927. New standards were presented to the Household Cavalry by the Queen in April last year.

THE OLD STANDARDS ARE CARRIED INTO THE SCARRED CHAPEL AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS: The Sovereign's standards of The Life Guards and of The Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) are brought into the Royal Military Chapel at Wellington Barracks for the ceremony of laying up. At the entrance stands a guard of honour of both regiments of Household Cavalry, with The Life Guards on the left and The Blues on the right.

THE EARL OF ATHLONE ARRIVES FOR THE CEREMONY: The Chaplain to the Brigade of Guards, the Rev. R. W. Fitzpatrick, greeting the Earl of Athlone, who is Colonel of The Life Guards, on his arrival at Wellington Barracks. On the right is Colonel E. J. S. Ward, of The Life Guards, officer commanding Household Cavalry. The Duke of Gloucester was also present.

On left—

THE CHAPLAIN RECEIVES THE SOVEREIGN'S STANDARD OF THE BLUES: Lieut.-Colonel D. de C. Smiley, officer commanding Royal Horse Guards, handing over the standard.

On right—

AWAITING THE RETURN OF THEIR OWNERS: The red-plumed helmets and the white gloves of The Blues at Wellington Barracks during the laying-up ceremony in the Chapel.

The HOME NEWS in PICTURES

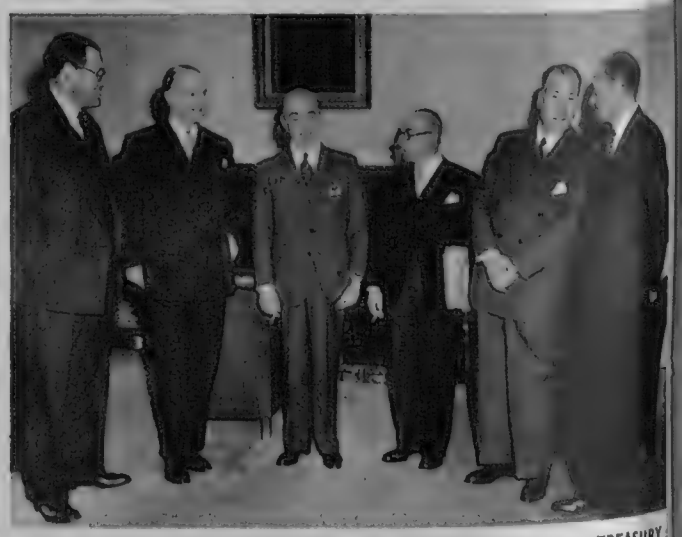
A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN

THE LIVERPOOL COTTON MARKET REOPENS AFTER THIRTEEN YEARS' SILENCE : Lord Woolton, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is seen speaking from the table below the board. To the left of Lord Woolton are Alderman W. K. Tristam, the Lord Mayor of Liverpool ; Mr. A. J. K. Barnes, the President of the Liverpool Cotton Association ; the Earl of Derby, Lord Lieutenant of Derbyshire, and Mr. A. H. Dixon, the Secretary to the Liverpool Cotton Association. After Lord Woolton's speech, Lord Derby rang the trading bell as a signal for business to start, and, at this, the cheers and applause of the representatives from the many cotton-growing and using countries mingled with the sharp cries of traders making the first bids for thirteen years. The opening of the exchange signalled the full change-over from Government bulk buying and selling of raw cotton to private hands. Former employees of the Cotton Exchange, some of them now pensioners, were among the 1,500 guests who watched the ceremony.

THE EARL OF DERBY RINGS THE BELL AS A SIGNAL FOR TRADING TO START : This bell is 100 years old and is known in the Exchange as the "Liberty Bell."

ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL CELEBRATES ITS 1350TH ANNIVERSARY : This is a general view of the Cathedral, taken from the Keep of Rochester Castle, and the West doorway, seen here, contains some of the finest Romanesque carving in England. Last week the Queen Mother attended a special service held in the Cathedral to commemorate the founding of the diocese. The Cathedral was erected in the eleventh century, on the site of a church founded by St. Augustine, who consecrated Justus as first Bishop of Rochester in the year 604. It was the founding of this bishopric, at that time only the third in the kingdom, that gave Rochester much of its importance as a city.

AN EXHIBITION OF DANISH SILVERWARE IN LONDON : Mr. De Steensen-Leth, the Danish Ambassador, is seen (left) with Lady Granchester and the Count and Countess Bernadotte, at the exhibition which is being held at the Tea Centre, in London, to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the famous Danish silversmith Georg Jensen's first workshop. Count Bernadotte has, for twenty years, worked for this firm, and he has some work in the exhibition.



TRADE TALKS WITH THE ARGENTINE BEGIN AT THE TREASURY : Delegates from this country and the Argentine seen at the Treasury. From left to right are : Mr. R. Maudling, Economic Secretary to the Treasury ; Mr. R. A. Butler, Chancellor of the Exchequer ; Dr. J. Remorino, Argentine Minister for Foreign Affairs ; Dr. Domingo A. Derisi, the Argentine Ambassador to Great Britain ; Dr. Alfredo Gomes Morales, Minister for Economics ; and Mr. K. Unwin, who is the Commercial Minister at the British Embassy in Buenos Aires.

ON SHOW AT THE TOY MUSEUM, LEIGHTON HOUSE, KENSINGTON : Two of the mechanical toys—one old, one new—to be seen at the recently opened toy museum. The roundabout on the left dates from the turn of the century, while the other is its modern equivalent. The museum was started by a group of enthusiasts and can now show a collection of hundreds of toys of every variety from practically every country in the world. Among them are some toys made by prisoners-of-war, including one by a French soldier of the Napoleonic Wars and another by a German P.O.W. of the First World War.

LEIGHTON HOUSE ART GALLERY, HOME OF THE NEW TOY MUSEUM : Leighton House is a unique building, designed by Lord Leighton, President of the Royal Academy from 1866 to 1896. There is a permanent collection of his work and that of some of his contemporaries on show. Many special exhibitions are also held there.

CAERNARVON HARBOUR TRUST TAKES OVER THE WRECKED H.M.S. "CONWAY" IN THE MENAI STRAITS : This picture, taken from the Menai Suspension Bridge, shows the derelict training ship *Conway*, which was wrecked there in April of last year. The Admiralty later served notice of abandonment of the ship on the Harbour Trust, which makes the wreck their property. This is believed to be the first time in history that one of H.M. ships has been abandoned in home territorial waters.

On right—

TOWN HALL FOR SALE IN HASTINGS : The Old Town Hall of Hastings, built in the eighteenth century and lately used as a branch museum and library, is up for sale. It is in a poor state of repair and the Hastings Old Town Preservation Society are protesting against the sale and the way that this building and the stables (on right) have been allowed to become so sadly dilapidated.

STRIKE-BOUND PADDINGTON : At a time of day which is normally very busy—the clock in the background shows 2.45—the Western Region's London terminal lies practically deserted. The dispute—an unofficial one—is over the introduction of extra lodging turns. Drivers and firemen want instead to hand over to relief crews at a half-way point, thus being able to return to their depots on the same day.

THE STABLES IN THE HIGH STREET OF HASTINGS OLD TOWN : This building, with the Old Town Hall (on left), is one of two in Hastings that are threatened with demolition. The red brick stables, 230 years old, are those in which the Duke of Wellington kept his horses during the Napoleonic Wars. Hastings Education Committee planned to convert the stables into an art school, but shelved the idea because of the estimated high cost of repairs. It is now feared that the stables, scheduled by the Ministry of Town and Country Planning as a unique example of Georgian design, will become derelict and have to be demolished.

A 300-YEAR-OLD CHURCH FOR THE NATION

With the Help of Additional Grants the National Trust Has Taken Over the Care of Staunton Harold Church, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire

When the tercentenary of the Church of the Holy Trinity at Staunton Harold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, was celebrated on September 26, 1953, Lord Ferrers, whose family seat is at Staunton Harold, announced his intention of handing the church over to the National Trust. At that time the Trust could not undertake its preservation, because, in spite of a grant of £8,300 for the repair of the fabric from the Pilgrim Trust, there was not enough money available to carry out further repairs that were regarded as essential. Now, thanks to an additional grant of £1,250 from the Pilgrim Trust, this work can be completed. Furthermore, a grant of £4,000 for future maintenance from the Dulverton Trust has enabled the church to be taken over by the National Trust. Though the future of the fabric is now assured, funds are still urgently needed to complete the repair of the interior fittings; it is hoped that other organisations interested in the particular crafts represented in the church may come forward with the necessary financial help.

A LINK WITH THE CROMWELLIAN PERIOD: The Church of The Holy Trinity, Staunton Harold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, which has now been handed over to the National Trust. This view of the mid-seventeenth-century church is from the north-west. Near by stands the eighteenth-century Hall.

Holy Trinity was built at a time when the erection of churches in this land was forbidden and when "all thinges Sacred were throughout ye nation either demolisht or profaned." Its benefactor was Sir Robert Shirley, an ardent Royalist, who was in close contact with Archbishop Laud. He was executed at the age of twenty-five and his memorial in the church, which, indeed, stands as a perpetual monument to his "faith and courage," states that he earned "singular praise to have done the best things in the worst times and hoped them in the most callamitious." There are many relics of Sir Robert's time still preserved at Staunton Harold, among them his Bible; the altar table, the altar cover and frontal, the pulpit drapings and cushions of purple velvet made from Archbishop Laud's vestments; the silver gilt Communion plate; the brightly painted barrel ceiling and the old box pews with their original ironwork.

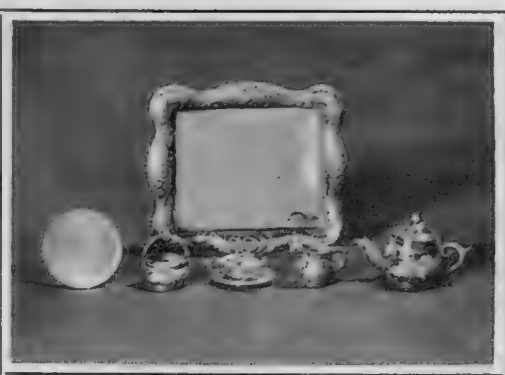
LOOKING EAST TOWARDS THE HIGH ALTAR IN STAUNTON HAROLD CHURCH, LEICESTERSHIRE: This view shows the carved pulpit, the seventeenth-century box pews and the wrought-iron Blakewell screen situated at the entry into the chancel. Last week it was announced that further grants from the Pilgrim Trust and from the Dulverton Trust have enabled the church to be handed over to the nation. While restoration work is in progress the church will be closed to the public; it is hoped to be open next year.

THE WEST END AND THE MEMORIAL TO THE FOUNDER: *Left*—The Father Schmidt organ dates back to the seventeenth century; its restoration is now being undertaken by the Dulverton Trust. It will be noticed that the lighting is by candlelight. Although the clerestory windows are of plain glass, many of the others, including the east window, contain stained glass. *Right*—This memorial erected to the memory of Sir Robert Shirley is situated on the south side of the chancel.

MEISSEN SCENT BOTTLE : A handsome piece of Meissen porcelain dating from the eighteenth century.

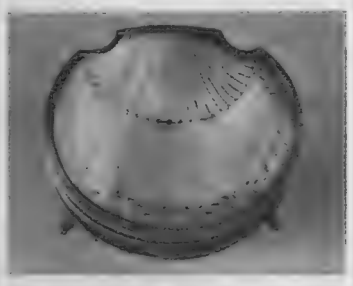
GOLD WATCH IN THE FORM OF A TULIP: It is of Parisian workmanship.

MINIATURE GROUP OF A MAN DRIVING PIGS : This example of early nineteenth-century silvergilt belonged to Queen Mary's mother, the Duchess of Teck.



MINIATURE TEA SERVICE AND TRAY : A sixpence beside it gives some idea of the size of this delicate piece of English craftsmanship, dated about 1830.

MEISSEN SCENT BOTTLE : This piece of Meissen porcelain was made in the late nineteenth century.



WORKBOX SHAPED AS A SHELL : It is lacquered green with gilt mounts.

QUEEN MARY'S ART TREASURES

Some of the Highlights in a Remarkable Exhibition of the Royal Collection from Marlborough House, which Opened at the Victoria and Albert Museum this Week

By L. G. G. RAMSEY, F.S.A.

(Editor of *The Connoisseur*)

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has already this year graciously permitted 83,751 visitors to see the Exhibition of Royal Plate from Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Now she has been further gracious enough to allow over 4,000 art treasures, which originally formed part of her late Majesty Queen Mary's collections at Marlborough House, to be shown at the same museum until the end of the year. And in the preparation of this exhibition, which will certainly attract even more visitors than the display of Royal Plate, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal has most kindly co-operated. It is at the same time particularly appropriate that this exhibition of her mother's treasures should have been opened on May 26; for on that day in 1867 Princess May, as Queen Mary was to be affectionately called by the Victorian public, was born at Kensington Palace, London, the first child and the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

A MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE III : One of a pair of miniatures in ormolu frames, the other being of George III's Queen Charlotte. Both are by Henry Bone, R.A., and are in the "Satinwood Room."

Not only was Her Majesty Queen Mary a tremendously keen and knowledgeable collector of works of art, but, in her collecting, she possessed that rare and enviable gift of instinctively bringing the right things together: and the result of her arrangement was invariably perfect harmony. The authorities at the Victoria and Albert Museum have therefore been at pains, in assembling some of the works of art which surrounded Queen Mary in the last years of her long life, to arrange these in groups corresponding as nearly as possible to the rooms which originally housed them.

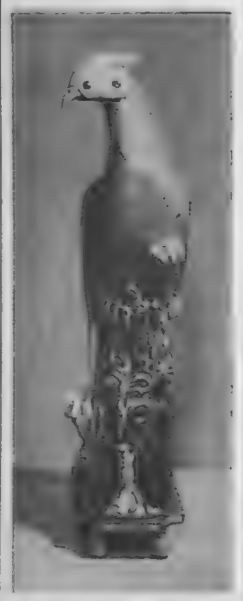
In addition to the works of art there are not only a number of photographic portraits of the late Queen on view, but also some of her personal belongings: some of her hats, a few parasols and a number of dresses. There is the gold cloak worn for the drive to St. Paul's on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee in 1935 and the blue velvet and gold dress worn at the wedding of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II in 1947.

Everywhere in the Royal Palaces is evidence of the guiding hand of Queen Mary, and there are countless objects which she acquired and presented to the Royal Collections, and rooms which she rearranged. Probably one of her most interesting discoveries was the pair of mahogany pedestal writing-tables, now at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, made by William Vile for King George III in 1762 for the King's Library at Buckingham House. These she "found," soon after she became Queen, at Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park.

Queen Mary's interest in furniture is soon apparent in the present exhibition. The ante-room to Gallery 45, where the display is held, holds examples of English early nineteenth-century furniture in the form of a pair of mahogany side-tables which formerly stood in the entrance hall at Marlborough House; and from its household dining-room comes a mahogany sideboard on lion supports. Above it hangs the portrait which F. Winterhalter painted in 1847 of Queen Victoria and Prince Edward, later Edward VII.

We soon, however, find five really important pieces of mahogany furniture with carved and gilt enrichments and lion-headed consoles: a Spanish mahogany sideboard, probably made by William Vile after Kent designs about the middle of the eighteenth century; two mahogany writing-tables; and a pair of commodes of date *circa* 1730. The plates of the side-handles of the latter are engraved with the coat-of-arms of the Morritt family, of Rokeby Park, Yorkshire. With these important pieces are grouped a French eighteenth-century clock overlaid with tortoiseshell and gilt-brass, a pair of French eighteenth-century bronze statuettes, after the Marly horses by G. Coustou the Elder, and a pair of three-light ormolu candelabra by Matthew Boulton, of Birmingham, of the late eighteenth century. On one of the commodes is displayed a case of Chinese jades and crystals.

As a fitting background to these pieces there are three eighteenth-century Brussels tapestries woven to designs derived from paintings by David Teniers the Younger: a pair showing the "Return from the Harvest," by Peter and Franz van der Borcht, and a large, single tapestry of the "Maypole Dance," by Peter van den Hecke.



A PHEASANT IN PORCELAIN : One of a pair of Chinese (Ch'ien Lung) figures 200 years old.

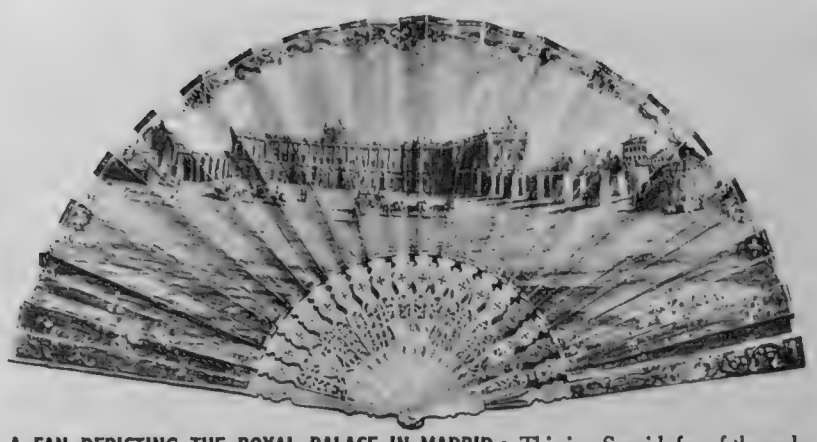
In the "Satinwood Room" which follows, visitors will be made particularly aware of, and can reflect upon, the infinite care which Queen Mary took in the study of the history and personal items associated with her own family, especially those concerned with King George III and Queen Charlotte. Above a pair of satinwood bookcases hang mezzotints of Queen Charlotte. Elsewhere is another portrait of her on glass: and beside a mantelpiece are yet a further ormolu-framed pair of miniatures of George III and Queen Charlotte. Both of these are by Henry Bone, R.A. The King is shown wearing the Garter Star, the Badge of St. Esprit, the Badge of the Golden Fleece, and other foreign Orders.

At the north end of Room 45 is "The Large Drawing" and the "Green Drawing Room," where objects from two rooms have been combined. Adjacent is "Queen Mary's Sitting Room." Here the visitor sees some of the very many small objects of art which gave Her Majesty such joy

(*Continued on following page*)

TWO PIECES OF MAHOGANY FURNITURE FROM THE SALOON OF MARLBOROUGH HOUSE : The sideboard (left) and one of a pair of commodes which were made to go *en suite* with it. The sideboard was probably made to the designs of William Kent about 200 years ago. The wood used is Spanish mahogany, except for the top, which is of Cuban mahogany. The commodes are of mahogany and gilt, with a marble top.

MINIATURE GRAND PIANO BY FABERGÉ : It is in Siberian jade (nephrite) and gold mounted, typical of the artist's delicate workmanship.



A FAN DEPICTING THE ROYAL PALACE IN MADRID : This is a Spanish fan of the early nineteenth century. It was given to Queen Mary by Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain in 1938. In the exhibition there is a display of English and French eighteenth-century fans.

ÉTUI CONTAINING SCENT BOTTLES : The gold-mounted onyx contains two bottles, with stoppers of Chelsea porcelain in the form of birds.

CASKET CONTAINING A SET OF TOILET BOTTLES : This is Italian work. The tortoiseshell casket is piqué in mother-of-pearl and gold.

A MUSICAL BOX AND A CLOCK : On left—A musical box in the form of a harp. On right—A clock in the form of a bird-cage. Both miniatures are Swiss. In the exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum there are over 3,000 items of small works of art.

NEEDLEWORK AND RECREATION BOX : This is the elaborate work of Nicolas Rozet, of Vienna. On the top and the sides are views of Vienna.

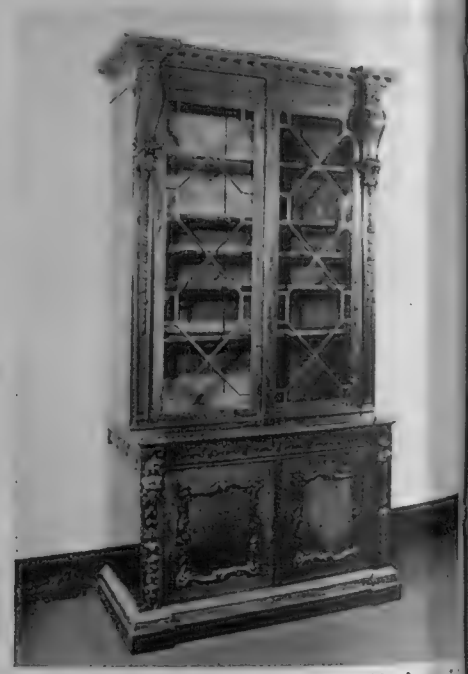
QUEEN MARY'S ART TREASURES

(*Continued from previous page*)

to acquire and possess. Here, also, are full-length Royal portraits by Allan Ramsay, and other smaller portraits. Ch'ien Lung Chinese vases and Chinese lacquer cabinets, Continental porcelains of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, a three-leaved gilt folding screen containing English and French fans of the eighteenth century, a bracket clock in a square ebonised and ormolu case by Thomas Tompion, snuff and patch boxes with commemorative portraits of the Royal Family, English and Continental piqué work, eighteenth-century Sèvres, and a most remarkable collection of miscellaneous bibelots of every description. It is only possible to record here a few of the very large number which are on view: a Dutch eighteenth-century set of knife, fork, spoons and condiment box, with handles of enamelled gold; a mid-eighteenth-century English enamelled box, with sprays of flowers on a green ground bearing a London mark; gold-mounted étuis, scent bottles and scores of other like pieces.

One example of an étui shown is of gold-mounted onyx containing two glass scent bottles with stoppers of Chelsea porcelain in the form of birds. This is English of date *circa* 1770. Another example, in ivory and in the form of a figure of the Empress Josephine, is shown amongst the pieces in "Queen Mary's Sitting Room." Here also is the satinwood writing-table, with gilt-brass mounts, which was in constant daily use by Queen Mary, upon which are two candlesticks and an inkstand of "jasperware" in the Wedgwood manner.

MAHOGANY AND GILT WRITING-TABLE : This table, with its marble top, was made in about 1730 to match with the commode shown on the previous page, and *en suite* with the sideboard. It is English and comes from the Saloon of Marlborough House.



MAHOGANY BOOKCASE : One of a pair of bookcases in carved mahogany with glazed doors. They are eighteenth century and of English craftsmanship.

Whilst the Marlborough House collections have been arranged at the Victoria and Albert Museum in bays corresponding approximately to rooms, or groups of rooms, in the house, certain exceptions have of necessity had to be made. The smaller objects are for the most part exhibited in the showcases used by Her Majesty, but a number of more important pieces are set out in museum showcases in the middle of the gallery. One of the most interesting of these cases is devoted to a group of works by Carl Fabergé and to other leading craftsmen.

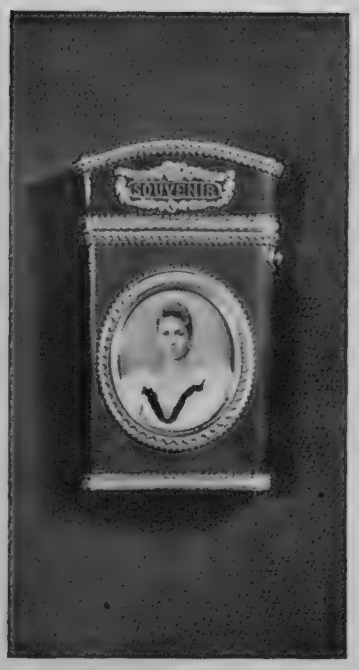
It has always been a matter of some conjecture as to how Fabergé's Imperial Easter Egg first came about. A logical assumption is that the great Russian craftsman suggested to Alexander III that an exquisite egg should be made each year, and that each should contain some beautifully fashioned "surprise." Eleven of these masterpieces were known to have been made for Alexander III, who died in 1894, and on the accession of Nicholas II, he not only continued the Easter egg practice, but extended it to include the Dowager Empress as well as Alexandra Feodorovna. It is now known that two eggs were made each year from 1895 to 1917, making a total of 57. Of course, a range of other items were also made in the form of eggs like seals, boxes and bell pushes.

The example from Queen Mary's collection is of platinum and gold set with pearls and enamel, and contains a jewelled stand set with a plaque surrounded with precious stones surmounted with the Imperial crown. The plaque is enamelled with portraits of the five children of Czar Nicholas II—Olga, Tatiana, Marie, Anastasie and Alexis. The names are inscribed round the frame with the date 1914. It was presented to the Czarina from the Czar in that year, and is signed "C. Fabergé" on the rim. Another charming piece from this workshop is a miniature escritoire in the French style in yellow gold with red gold mounts. It is enamelled translucent red-brown on a ground especially engraved to simulate the grain of the veneer. The decoration consists of opaque turquoise enamel panels with eight painted Imperial cyphers of Marie Feodorovna and classical motifs in *grisaille*. The hinged mother-of-pearl top is engraved with four double-headed eagles, and the small circular panel below with a rose.

In an adjacent case is a superb Potsdam bloodstone box of date *circa* 1770, with gold mounts encrusted with diamonds. This is the most magnificent box in her late Majesty's collection, and was formerly part of the Russian Royal Collections. It was originally probably presented by Frederick the Great to the Empress Catherine of Russia, and was acquired by Queen Mary when a number of pieces from the former Imperial Russian collections were sold in 1926. This fine box can be compared with one formerly in Prince Farouk's Collection. Another fine box from the same workshop was in the Emile Wertheimer Collection.

It will be very apparent that Her Majesty Queen Mary possessed a superb series of gold boxes; and a small selection from her collection is shown in the exhibition. Whether a box of this nature was originally used as a snuff-box or whether it was purely decorative depended on its size. The function of the larger boxes was that they could be the subject of gifts to foreign princes or diplomats. At a later period than that represented by Queen Mary's boxes, a debate in the House of Commons in 1823 centred round an expenditure of £7,000

BRACKET CLOCK : The work of Thomas Tompion, of London, about 250 years ago, this clock is in a square ebonised and ormolu case.

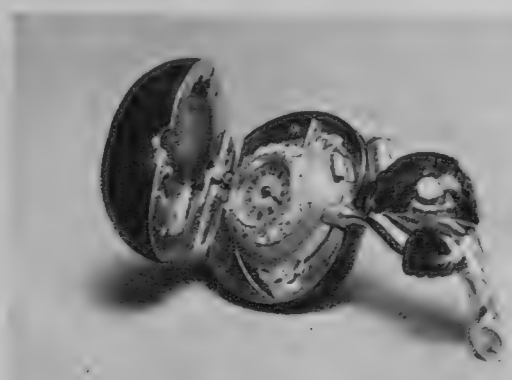


FABERGÉ CARD-CASE : In green leather and mounted with gold, it bears a miniature of the Czarina Alexandra.

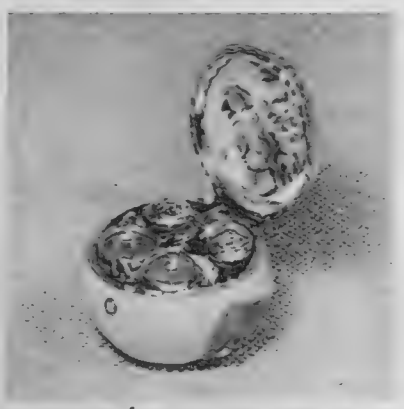
ÉTUI ENCLOSING A WATCH AND TOILET INSTRUMENTS : It is of jasper, mounted with gold, and was probably given to an eastern potentate.

THE PRINCE REGENT ON A GOLD BOX : The box and the medallion shows George IV as Prince Regent, with national emblems in each corner.

A FABULOUS FABERGÉ EASTER EGG GIVEN BY THE CZAR NICHOLAS TO HIS WIFE IN 1914 : On the left is the Easter egg of platinum and gold, set with pearls and enamel. Beside it is the jewelled stand contained in the egg. It is enamelled with the portraits of the five children of the Czar and Czarina.



A GOLDEN CHERRY AS A MINIATURE WATCH-CASE : The case for the nineteenth-century watch is of enamelled gold, and there is a diamond "raindrop" on the leaf of the "cherry."



A MEISSEN ÉTUI IN THE FORM OF AN APPLE : Mounted with gold, the porcelain étui contains toilet and similar articles.

"THE MOST MAGNIFICENT BOX IN THE COLLECTION" : A Potsdam bloodstone box with gold mounts encrusted with diamonds which belonged to the Empress Catherine of Russia.

a year on snuff-boxes as gifts for Secretaries of State and Foreign Ministers on the signing of any treaty. The standard of workmanship of Queen Mary's examples is extraordinarily high, and includes the best work of the leading Parisian, London, Berlin and Vienna jewellers of the eighteenth century. Of the examples shown, possibly the finest are: a French box presented by Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon, to Admiral Tower; a commemorative box by Edward Augustus, Duke of York; and a number of boxes given to Queen Mary by King George V.

Among the few watches and jewellery of seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth-century date to be examined are two Dutch watches bearing the Stuart royal arms; two Royal presentation watches with cases of enamelled gold set with the cypher of George III in diamonds; and a miniature watch with case of enamelled gold formed as a cherry, with a diamond raindrop on the leaf, which originally belonged to Queen Alexandra.

A final show-case is given up to some of Queen Mary's pieces in painted enamels, the products of Battersea and South Staffordshire. Her collection contains a number of interesting pieces from the finest Staffordshire period, the 1760's to the early 1780's. There is, for example, a box of delicate pink diapered in white, each square of the diaper containing a central dot of turquoise. Another piece, a handsome tea-canister in turquoise blue patterned with raised white dots, separated from the pictorial reserves by raised and gilded scrolling, is also typical of the fine quality of South Staffordshire enamelling of about 1770. And the contemporary demand for pillared ruins and pastoral scenes is pleasantly shown in a white box with gilded scrolling on a "yellow" ground. This particular display is possibly the most delightfully typical of Her Majesty's love of the dainty products in English painted enamels.

Visitors in large numbers are already assembling to see for themselves the various types of antiques which Queen Mary collected in her long and glorious life.

On left—
TEA-CADDY OF CEDAR WOOD : It is covered with a veneer of mosaic pictures in ivory and ebony slips on four winged lion-mask feet in ormolu. The oblong caddy contains a cut-glass basin and two caddies in inlaid satin and harewood. On the front, sides and top are white porcelain cameos of George III and his family. It was made to the order of Bath Corporation for presentation to Queen Charlotte.

ONE OF QUEEN MARY'S PIECES IN PAINTED ENAMELS : There are pillared ruins and a pastoral scene on this white box, with gilded scrolling on a "yellow" ground.

On right—
ANOTHER EASTER EGG : A small enamelled egg, set with diamonds, the work of C. Fabergé.

QUEEN MARY'S OWN NEEDLEWORK : A threefold screen with needlework panels worked by the late Queen between April 1945 and January 1946. It comprises fifteen panels of floral subjects in tent stitch, signed and dated "Mary R: 1946."

"THE DARK IS LIGHT ENOUGH"

Christopher Fry's New Play at the Aldwych Theatre Provides Another Acting Triumph for Dame Edith Evans

Christopher Fry's new play, *The Dark is Light Enough*, is the third of his cycle of the seasons. *The Lady's Not for Burning* represented spring, *Venus Observed* autumn. This he calls a winter play, and it is set in the country house of the Austrian Countess Rosmarin Ostenburg during the Hungarian revolution against Austria of 1848. To this house she brings and shelters a disreputable character, Richard Gettner, who is a deserter from the Hungarian rebel army. He is also the former husband of her daughter Gelda.

The Countess is the central character, and it is through her that Fry makes his audience join in his own poetic wonder at the world as it is. The Countess is a remarkably liberal woman who, besides sheltering the deserter, also shelters the officer pursuing him and her when he, in his turn, becomes a fugitive, too.

The Countess is impeccably played by Edith Evans, with James Donald, Margaret Johnston and Hugh Griffith giving her good support. The play is produced with care by Peter Brook.

NO CHOICE FOR THE COUNTESS: A general scene from Christopher Fry's *The Dark is Light Enough*, at the Aldwych Theatre. Left to right are: Jakob (John Moffatt), Stefan (Peter Barkworth), Countess Rosmarin (Edith Evans), Kassel (Peter Bull), Colonel Janik (John Glen), Belmann (Hugh Griffith), Count Peter Zichy (Jack Gwillim), Gelda (Margaret Johnston), Beppy (George Murcell), and Rusti (Peter Halliday). Peter Brook directs.

***On left*—THE DESERTER'S RETURN:** Richard Gettner (James Donald), an Austrian deserter from the Hungarian rebel army, returns to hide in the house of his former wife (Margaret Johnston), who is the daughter of the Countess.

***On right*—MOTHER AND DAUGHTER:** The Countess married her daughter off to the deserter Gettner—a drunken, shiftless coward—although from the first she had only faint hopes of the marriage.

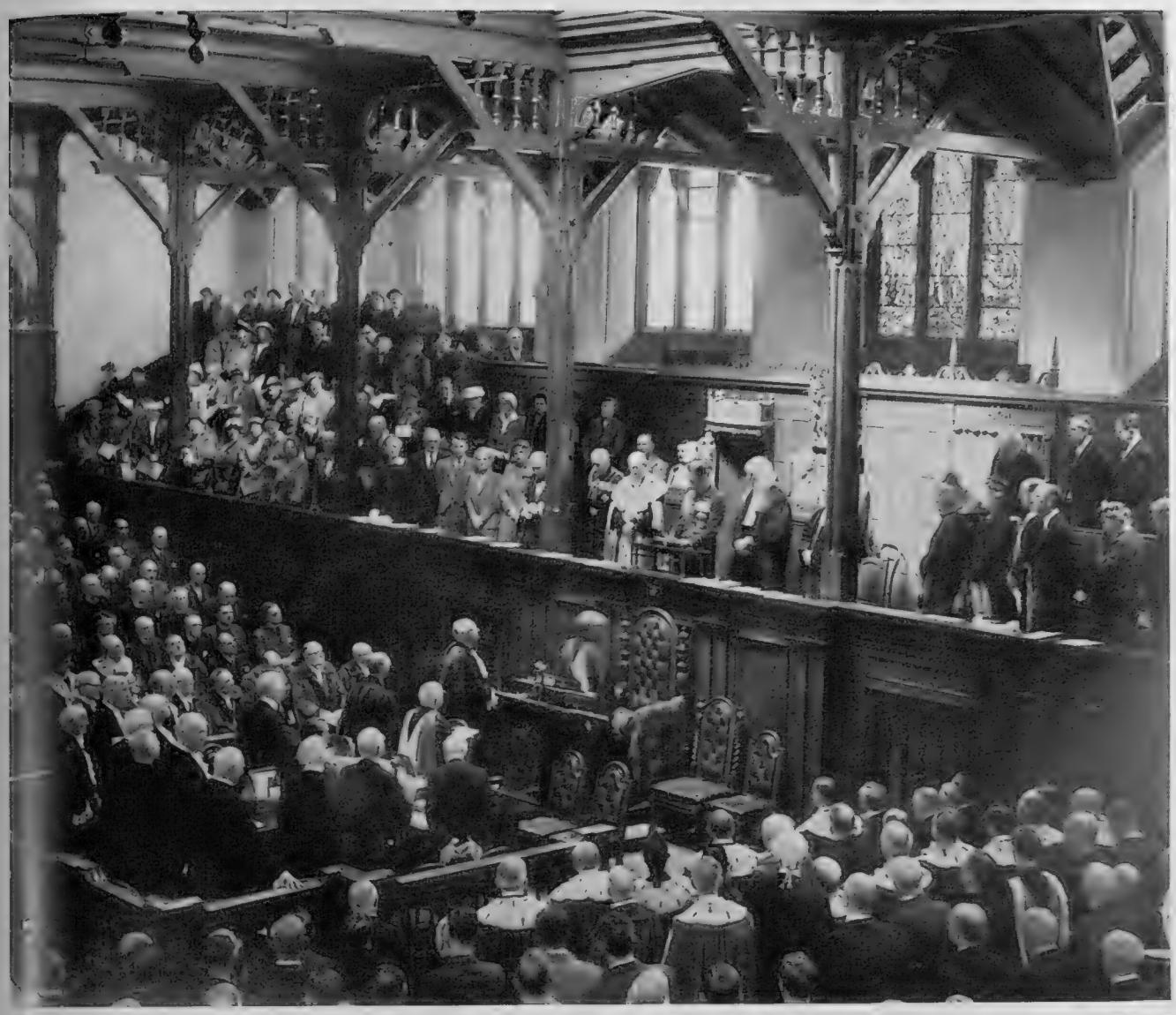
THE COLONEL ASKS A FAVOUR: The Colonel, who has been in pursuit of the Countess and the deserter she rescued, in his turn becomes a fugitive and is also sheltered by the Countess. The Countess is an extraordinarily liberal character, with a deep regard for all human lives, however worthless they may seem to others.

THE COUNTESS FAINTS: A scene during the second act of the play, with the Countess surrounded by members of her salon. At the end, serenely, the Countess's last words are: "I am very much in love with something. What it may be I cannot remember."

CEREMONIAL IN EDINBURGH

Traditional Pageantry as the Lord High Commissioner Opens the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

The opening of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland is always an occasion for heraldic and civic pomp as the old and the new Moderators exchange places. This year, after the service in St. Giles' Cathedral, processions formed by the Lord High Commissioner, the Duke of Hamilton, as representative of the Queen; the clergy and civic dignitaries made their way to the Assembly Hall, and there in the presence of a distinguished gathering Professor Pitt-Watson handed his Moderator's ring, the sign and symbol of his holy office, to Dr. Ernest Jarvis. Following this short ceremony the Duke's commission and the Queen's letter were read and His Grace then addressed the Assembly, calling upon the youth of the country to give their services to the Church. He also recalled that Scotland remembered with pride last year's service of Thanksgiving and Dedication in the presence of the Queen, when the Honours of Scotland were carried in procession through Edinburgh to St. Giles'. Touching on the subject of nuclear power, the Duke said that the development of such a project was in itself a challenge to every Christian to give to the Church whole-hearted service and devotion, for never in the course of history had men been so called to put on the whole armour of God. Later in the week the Assembly discussed many items of business of the Church, one notable subject on the agenda being the question of the televising of the service of Holy Communion, but a move to impose a ban on the experiment was defeated.



THE OPENING CEREMONY OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND AT THE ASSEMBLY HALL IN EDINBURGH: This was the scene as the Lord High Commissioner, the Duke of Hamilton, made his inaugural speech from the Throne Gallery. Flanking him are the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. John G. Banks, and Mr. W. R. Milligan, Q.C., the Solicitor-General; beneath the Gallery are the retiring Moderator and the Moderator-elect. The French Ambassador, M. René Massigli, was also present in the Throne Gallery.

THE PROCESSION FROM THE ASSEMBLY HALL AFTER THE INAUGURAL CEREMONY: The Lord High Commissioner is preceded by members of the Lyon Court. During the assembly the Duke of Hamilton resided at the Palace of Holyroodhouse.

AFTER THE SERVICE AT ST. GILES': The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, accompanied by Sir Edward Stevenson, Purse Bearer, and the Duke's Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. Alexander Campsie, seen leaving the Cathedral. The service was also attended by members of Edinburgh and Glasgow Town Councils.

On left—

THE RETIRING MODERATOR CONGRATULATES HIS SUCCESSOR: The Right Rev. Professor James Pitt-Watson (right) shakes hands with the Right Rev. Ernest David Jarvis, minister of Wellington Church, Glasgow. Dr. Jarvis's election as Moderator for the ensuing year has occurred in the same year as the semi-jubilee of his ministry at Wellington Church.

Billy Graham's Farewell Message

Thousands upon Thousands Flock to Wembley and the White City for the Final Meetings of the Greater London Crusade and Receive the Archbishop's Blessing

THE PRIMATE OF ALL ENGLAND TAKES PART IN THE FINAL RALLY: Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, in company with the American Evangelist, surveys the vast crowd at Wembley. During the course of the crusade at Harringay bishops and priests of the Church of England were present in unofficial capacities. Free Church officials also attended, and at the finale at Wembley the Rev. E. Benson Perkins, Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, sat on the platform with the Archbishop.

On left—

LISTENING TO THE FINAL MESSAGE: Dr. Fisher seen in company with the persons who occupied the platform. Seated next to the Primate is the Bishop of Barking (the Right Rev. H. R. Gough), a member of the London Crusade Executive Committee, who played a prominent part in the organisation.

BILLY GRAHAM AT THE FIRST OF HIS TWO MASS MEETINGS LAST SATURDAY: He is seen speaking at the White City Rally in the afternoon, when he addressed a crowd estimated at 67,000.

THE END OF A MISSION—A GENERAL VIEW OF THE VAST CROWD AT WEMBLEY STADIUM LAST SATURDAY EVENING, WHEN BILLY GRAHAM GAVE THE LAST OF HIS ADDRESSES IN CONNECTION WITH THE GREATER LONDON CRUSADE: It was estimated that some 120,000 people from many parts of the country were present in the stadium for the last message from the American Evangelist, who in the previous twelve weeks had attracted such vast crowds to his meetings at Harringay. At the close of the meeting, after many thousands of people had come forward to make their "decisions for Christ," the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, pronounced the Benediction.

Summing up at the end of his twelve-week Greater London Crusade, Mr. Billy Graham, the American Evangelist, said that the meetings at Harringay had been far beyond anything he had felt possible. After last Saturday's two mammoth meetings at Wembley and the White City, Mr. Graham's audiences throughout the crusade reached a total of 1,700,000—many who attended demonstrated their willingness to serve Christ with greater effort. When the crusade started many people had misgivings for its success, and many, in discussions between themselves, wondered if it was the way in which to attract people into the Church. Whatever the outcome may be (and, indeed, it may well prove a welcome overture to the Radio Mission to London which is to follow in the autumn), it has shown that thousands of people are hoping for a religious revival in this country and that there are people waiting to be accepted into the Church.

At the two farewell meetings last Saturday it was estimated that the two audiences totalled over 180,000. In the afternoon Billy Graham spoke at White City, and then, in the evening, in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Mayor of London, delivered his final oration, declaring that the Spirit of God was moving across Britain as perhaps at no time in the last century Once again, as in the previous weeks at Harringay, there was hymn-singing, and the entire scene was dominated by a huge poster bearing the words: "Jesus said: I am the Way, the Truth and the Life." It was an attentive audience, and at the end a great number of people moved forward to give their addresses so that they could be put in touch with a local church.

THEY WENT IN THEIR THOUSANDS TO HEAR THE MESSAGE: Although many of those present were Churchmen, there must, indeed, have been a number who were awakened to further effort for the work of the Church in this country. At the close of his message, Mr. Graham asked his audience to promise to attend their churches on the next day. "Let's fill our churches to-morrow," he said. "Let's make it the greatest occasion the Church has known in years . . . to-morrow the real crusade begins."

The Sphere of Travel

THE SMILING LAND OF POITOU

A Little-known Province of Western France which is, Nevertheless, Full of Interest to would-be Holidaymakers

By GORDON COOPER

I HAVE long been convinced that France is the least-known country of Europe, for there are still large areas of this lovely and most interesting land which are practically unknown to the tourist. Undoubtedly the main reason for this sad defect is that present-day mass-travel canalises the streams of holiday traffic, which thus leaves great tracts to those who do not care to avail themselves of the organised opportunities offered and are inclined to risk an independent journey, with the slight trouble it entails. In fact, nobody can realise the size of France and its diversity until he has wandered at will through the provinces, taking his adventures as they come and moving sometimes only a very little way from the main railway lines and motor-bus routes.

Even so historically famous a province as Poitou, which came under the English Crown, although sometimes rather nominally, for about 300 years in the Middle Ages, is only a name to a large number of travellers who go constantly to France. Yet, for those with a taste for the quiet countryside, for magnificent buildings, for a quiet, unchanging way of life, it is fascinating. A recent exploratory tour there delighted me.

Poitou is made up of three *departements*, Vendée, Deux-Sèvres and Vienne, stretching south of the Loire from the Bay of Biscay to the first outcrop of the great Central Plateau. Off the coast are two islands, Noirmoutier and the Ile d'Yeu, with good beaches, and pleasant but not outstanding scenery. Another island, de Ré, might also be included—its moderate appeal is much the same as the others—although, like that most fascinating of French ports, La Rochelle, it is just over the provincial border.

THE GREAT STRETCH OF THE SUPERB BEACH AT LES SABLES D'OLONNE: This is the big resort along the coastline of Poitou and is a suitable place for a family holiday. Although the coastline is sandy, with excellent bathing, Gordon Cooper says in his article that the great interest of Poitou lies not on the coast, but along the rivers and smiling valleys of the hinterland

The coastline of Poitou is sandy, with excellent bathing. There is one large resort, Les Sables-d'Olonne, which has a superb beach. It would be very pleasant for the family, while along the adjoining coast there are several much smaller resorts which are well worth investigating, not least because they are inexpensive. They include such modest places as Saint-Jean-des-Monts, Sion-sur-l'Océan, Croix de Vie, Saint-Gilles-sur-Vie, Jard and Saint-Vincent-du Jard, La Tranche and Aiguillon-sur-Mer (where I had a superb fish lunch at the Hotel de la Poste). Then, on the islands, there are Noirmoutier and Bois-de-Chaize on the larger, Port-Joinville on the Ile d'Yeu.

The great interest of Poitou, however, lies not on the coast, but along the rivers and smiling valleys of the hinterland. There is, for example, the fen country, *le marais poitevin*, where each field is a green island, where the cows and goats, the milk, the hay, the root crops, are all ferried in flat-bottomed punts, and lines of graceful trees mark the course of innumerable rivulets. Coulon (Hotel Terminus) is a recommended centre for this district. Beyond number, too, are the little villages with exquisite Romanesque churches. Nowhere else in France (indeed, nowhere else in Europe) did this dignified architectural style flourish so profusely or so magnificently. It is perhaps true that it was a Poitevin creation; the influence of this florescence of architecture in Poitou in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was felt far afield, as far as Germany and Lombardy and Spain. It fought, as we know, a losing battle against the more adventurous Gothic, but at its best, and the best is to be seen in Poitou, it could, and did, lead to masterpieces which maintain a perfect balance between exterior and interior.

Of the places worth visiting in Poitou there would be no end if a selection were not made. In a province with so few big centres and so many small ones of almost equal interest, any selection must be arbitrary. In my own tour of 500 miles, I visited at least thirty magnificent Romanesque churches, of which the most outstanding ones, in my opinion, of course, were St.-Hilaire-le-Grand and Nôtre-Dame-la-Grande in Poitiers, Saint-Savin, St.-Pierre-d'Airvault, St.-Nicholas-de-Civray, St.-Hilaire-de-Melle and Nôtre-Dame-de-Lusignan.

While my selection might be queried, I do not think that anyone would argue against the choice of Saint Savin, which lies about twenty-five miles due east of Poitiers. The little town lies on both banks of the limpid Gartempe River—surely the loveliest stream in France—and ever since Prosper Merimée, over 100 years ago, "discovered" the Romanesque paintings of its abbey-church, Saint-Savin has ranked as one of the great sights of France. The eleventh-century church, indeed, presents what must be considered as the most extensive as well as the most admirable assemblage of Romanesque pictures in all Western Europe, and they have the advantage of being floodlit. Among the more famous of the scenes are those of the Apocalypse in the porch, then, lighter in colouring and of more imposing style, in the gallery, "The Passion," and, again, those on the vaulting of the nave, "The Old Testament." Among the latter are some entrancing representations of the building of the Tower of Babel and of the Ark. A French writer gave this remarkable church a well-earned epithet when he described it as a "Romanesque Sistine Chapel."

You might possibly like to stay in Saint-Savin village, for it would make a pleasant centre for anyone with rural tastes. There is a pleasant, simple hotel (France), where the food is very good and the pension price about 1,000 francs a day. But, perhaps, you might prefer Montmorillon, also on the Gartempe, some twenty miles to the south and a rather larger place, while the restaurant of its comfortable Hotel France well deserves its award of a Michelin star. The Church of Nôtre-Dame in this picturesquely situated little town has some outstanding frescoes in its crypt.

Half-way on the road between Poitiers and Saint-Savin is Chauvigny, with the ruins of five castles and three interesting churches, in one of which, St.-Pierre, there are the most curious monsters carved on the capitals. Then, about ten miles west of Montmorillon, just outside Lussac, is a cenotaph in memory of Sir John Chandos, seneschal of Poitou, who was killed near by on the night preceding the eve of the New Year 1370 in a skirmish with the French. His death was mourned by the English generally, for he was a very gallant knight. The whole story is given in Froissart's *Chronicles*, a book which is almost essential reading in this part of France. It is published, incidentally, in an "Everyman" edition.

But there are many memories of the English in Poitou, not least being the battlefield of Poitiers, which actually lies some miles east of the city. You pass it on your way to Chauvigny. How amazing, too, are other events of historical significance which have taken place here. In addition to the Black Prince's victory, there was the defeat of Alaric the Visigoth by Clovis in 507, which resulted in the consolidation of Gaul and the Catholic cause as far south as the Pyrenees. Even more far-reaching in its effects was the battle in 732, when Charles Martel defeated the hitherto victorious Moors, thus saving Europe from Muslim domination. It is strange to think that had the result been otherwise the whole of western civilisation to-day might be entirely different. Then, in the Palace of Justice in Poitiers, Joan of Arc met one of her greatest tests by submitting to four weeks' examination by the doctors of the University, who composed the French Court of Parliament. She came through the grilling unscathed and with her colours flying, and was pronounced by the learned men to be "genuine."

"A MOST PERFECT EXAMPLE OF ROMANESQUE ART": The Church of Nôtre-Dame-la-Grande, one of the seven old churches in Poitiers, which dates from the eleventh century. Poitiers, the old capital of Poitou, is now the capital of the department of Vienne.

A visit to Poitiers, the old capital, is essential. It has seven superb old churches, including the church of Nôtre-Dame-la-Grande, a most perfect example of Romanesque art, and the Baptistery, which was built in the middle of the fourth century, thus making it one of the most ancient and venerable religious monuments in France.

That assiduous farmer-traveller Arthur Young had a poor opinion of Poitiers, "which is one of the worst-built towns I have seen in France"; while the rather crotchety Henry James, in "A Little Tour in France," was of the opinion that the most charming thing he saw there was the Promenade de Blossac. Your opinion, like mine, may well be quite different, for I regard this French city as being one of the most attractive in provincial France. Its one possible defect is that, as it lies on the direct main road between Paris and Bordeaux, it attracts a considerable passing trade in motorists. It is, in any case, an excellent base from which to explore the surrounding countryside, while Fontenay-le-Comte, the old capital of Lower Poitou, has much to recommend it as a centre for those who would like to discover the peculiar charm of the Vendée, with its huge stretches of wild "bocage" and its delightful little towns and villages remote from the current of tourist traffic. It is completely unspoiled, and the women still wear a curious shielding form of hat, called "Guichnotte," derived from "Kiss not"—a warning to bold English soldiers, 600 years ago!

Two suggestions for those who would like to live simply but well amid idyllic rural scenery are Jouet, a minute village on the Gartempe, half-way between Saint-Savin and Montmorillon, and Sanxais, about twenty miles south-west of Poitiers. In the former you could lodge in the village and take pension meals at the Moulin de Roches, a ten-minutes walk down-stream. In the case of Sanxais, there is the medieval Auberge de l'Ecu de France, which offers the best of meals and the friendliest of hosts, and the daily charge (including wine and service) is only 1,000 francs. Close to this place are some interesting Roman ruins, including a theatre (where occasional performances are given in summer) and a temple, believed to have been a place of Cybele worship, which acquired special significance under the Empire. The presence of springs and other indications suggest that it was a fashionable "rest cure" resort with the Romans.

Although I am concerned at my many omissions in this article, I hope that the few suggestions of what the old province of Poitou has to offer the independent visitor may tempt some readers to set out on a little journey of discovery; for I am sure they would find other riches in profusion at least equally worthy of note.

Further and more detailed information can be obtained from the French Government Tourist Office, 179, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publisher first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade, or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

MAYTIME IN THE COUNTRYSIDE

Some Pictures of the Beauties of Britain at its Fairest Season of the Year

PONY TREKKING IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND: *Above* and *on right* are shown holiday-making pony-trekkers at Loch Quoich, Inverness-shire. Pony-trekking holidays are sponsored by the Scottish Council of Physical Recreation, who run a beginners' course which is based on the Balavil Arms Hotel, Newtonmore, in the heart of the Cairngorms. The first day or two is spent on lessons teaching beginners how to saddle, bridle and ride a pony; the rest of the holiday is spent on actual trekking. The ponies can carry 20 stone up to 25 miles over any type of country.

MORRIS DANCING IN A SUSSEX VILLAGE: *Above*, and *on left above*, a party of the Ravensbourne and Chanctonbury Morris men are dancing outside the Shepherd and Dog Inn at Fulking, Sussex, which lies at the foot of the South Downs. Dressed in the traditional costume, they have three fiddlers to accompany them.

THE TWIN VILLAGES OF EAST-LEACH MARTIN AND EAST-LEACH TURNVILLE, WHICH ARE COMPETING FOR THIS YEAR'S BLEDISLOE CUP: This cup is awarded each year to the village in Gloucestershire which is chosen by a panel of judges to be the best-kept village in the county. The cup was first presented in 1937 by Lord Bledisloe, a former Governor-General of New Zealand.

THE PEACEFUL VILLAGE OF QUENINGTON, ON THE RIVER COLN: Quenington is another entrant for the title of "Best-kept Village." The judging in the competition is carried out by a team from the Council for the Preservation of Rural England, and marks are awarded for such things as scarcity of advertising, well-kept hedges and walls, and the general tidiness of streets, gardens and village greens. This year over twenty villages are competing.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

HE BELIEVED IN HAPPINESS

Ursula Bloom Tells the Life Story of George Edwardes, the Man who Played such a Prominent Part in the Development of Musicals

ONE of the books I have enjoyed most this week opens with these promising words: "This is the story of a man born in Lincolnshire almost 100 years ago, and destined to bring happiness to a considerable proportion of the world. He believed in happiness. . . ." The man was George Edwardes, and if there is something surprising about his rural birthplace (I don't know why there should be, but somehow there is), it is lost in the fact that he added so much to the glamour and dazzle of the London of his period. Theatrically speaking, he epitomised the period, with his successes at the Gaiety and Daly's, his amazing flair for guessing where talent lay, his unusually even temper, and his "hunches" that were so very often justified. CURTAIN CALL FOR THE GUV'NOR (Hutchinson. 15s.) is George Edwardes' biography by Miss Ursula Bloom, and she has brought both sympathy and spirit to it, tracing the outline of his spectacular career and his character, and bringing back lively memories of those Gaiety girls and charmers, about one of whom—it was Marie Tempest—he said: "All my little girls try hard, but Maria is my most trying."

AMERICAN POETS MEET AT A "CLASSIC" DINNER: Robert Frost (left) and Carl Sandburg seen in conversation at the Silver Jubilee dinner of the Limited Editions Book Club at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York. The dinner, for 700 persons, consisted of food mentioned in many famous literary works.

As much part of London as the Strand or Leicester Square is a large, odd-looking building by the Embankment, and this place, just as oddly known as New Scotland Yard, is the setting of the autobiography of CHERRILL OF THE YARD (Harrap. 15s.). In police circles, and out of them, he has been known for many years as the Fingerprint Man; his real title was, until his recent retirement, Chief Superintendent of the Fingerprints Bureau of New Scotland Yard. These memoirs of his, written with a telling, and sometimes an almost horrifying simplicity where they touch on murder cases, are exciting enough to take the edge off most thrillers.

HOME IN THE BEAR'S DOMAIN (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) is the sequel to that extraordinary tale of lonely courage, which was Mrs. Martha Martin's own story, *O Rugged Land of Gold*, in which she wrote of being utterly isolated in a northern wilderness for many months, and of bearing and tending her baby. The child, unhappily, did not survive, and later Mrs. Martin and her husband moved hundreds of miles away, but now they are back in South-Eastern Alaska, which is the setting for another magnificent and true story of a winning fight against a rugged land, and the rearing of their own young son and many other children.

HEART ON THE LEFT (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.) is a strange book, or, rather, a book in a strange form, for this story of Herr Leonhard Frank's, about a character called Michael, who is shown analytically as a writer, a lover and an embryo artist, is recognisably the writer himself, who has presumably chosen this indirect method so that he can write with even greater candour about himself. Although it is only possible to read this as an autobiographical study, I found it curiously artificial, and the use of the third person device a barrier to sympathy and, even, in some of the more poignant moments, to compassion. On the other hand, the simplicity and force of its writing are quite remarkable and illustrate the author's tenet that the writer, and not the reader, must do the work.

Another writer, whom the publishers proudly announce as their youngest author, "for," they say, "he is perennially young in the true youth of the spirit," has written a book which is only partly reminiscence, and contains diversions into gardening, into philosophical musing, into poetry and into admirably succinct anecdotes. ONE THING AND ANOTHER (Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.) is, in other words, the work of Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who is in his ninety-second year, and who writes here with equal freshness, of elms, of Rabelais, of paganism and of sloe gin. The book is an enchantment, and I hardly need to add that for dipping-in purposes, it will make an ideal tenant for your bedside shelf.

I don't know whether it would be fitting to say of a distinguished anthropologist and man of letters that he is sticking his neck right out, but that, to the most casual observer, is what Dr. Ashley Montagu appears to be doing—or have done—with the writing of his exceptionally provocative book, THE NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN (George Allen and Unwin. 15s.). Dr. Montagu's premise is, briefly, that their natural superiority is a biological fact, and a socially overlooked piece of knowledge, and adds later that "constitutionally the female is the stronger sex." He argues his case lucidly, and however controversial the matter may be, it is another fact that a subject that stimulates intelligent discussion is apt to be worthwhile.

ADVENTURES INTO THE UNCONSCIOUS (Christopher Johnson. 18s.) is in a sense a sequel to Mr. John Custance's book, *Wisdom, Madness and Folly*, which was written when the author was a patient in a mental hospital during an attack of manic-depressive insanity, and which was a work of no ordinary interest. The present book amplifies his personal story and describes the immense efforts he has made to relate the phases of his mental illness to his everyday life, using, if that word can be allowed, the upswing of exaltation for work on his writing or on the hard, physical business of farming, or for travel. In the last instance he describes an extraordinary incident in the Russian sector of Berlin, where he decided to go during one of these attacks, in its "upswing" period. As he says, on the Continent, all English people are regarded as mad, anyway.

SAINT—WITH RED HANDS? (Jarrolds. 16s.) is the sensational title of Yseult Bridges's reconstruction of a notorious crime of the '60's, when a little boy was taken from his bedroom in a Wiltshire country house, murdered and mutilated, and left in the vault of an outside privy. The crime that was so horrible in all its details was also mysterious and complicated by the confession of the child's half-sister, Constance Kent. Criminologically speaking, a fascinating case to study; humanly speaking, one of real horror.

In settings, this week's novels range across the world, but several of them share, in different moods, the theme of youth. Mr. Peter Skelton, for instance, writes of a boy's youth in a little Dutch seaside town, with descriptions that often have the poignancy of nostalgia, and which give the reader a vividly imagined picture of the long sands and the rough, good air, or of a delectable cake shop presided over by a tiny woman who would walk up and down behind her counter on a raised platform, or of a dark, snug interior, a sophisticated, kindly mother, a maniac, or a strawberry-cheeked old clergyman. THE CHARM OF HOURS (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) has, as a matter of fact, an excessive concentration on memory that is sometimes overwhelming, but it is a book of real quality. I was glad to see that its characters and its background are to be developed in later books.

A young girl is the central figure of THE HIDDEN HEART (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.), a gentle, poetic story about a family divided, rather than united, by love. The period is the turn of the century as in Miss Jane Gillespie's one other novel, *The Weir*, which also had something of the elegiac quality of the present book, and the plot, with a kind of quiet inevitability, moves to its strong but uncontrived climax. A very interesting new writer, indeed.

THE LOVE EATERS (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is by a new writer, Miss Mary Lee Settle, to whom that same opinion applies, though her talent is for a more acute and witty style and a more worldly treatment. Reading this novel, with its diamond-sharp characterisation and the subtlety of its implied humour, one has very clearly the feeling of making a discovery, and I look forward with real pleasure to Miss Settle's next work.

Miss Ruth Chatterton, who appears to have turned from the stage and the screen to the career of a novelist, has written a long and chatty book based on one of the contemporary problems of her homeland. THE BETRAYERS (Harrap. 12s. 6d.) is a novel of Washington complete with Senators, sub-committees, witch hunt, women lawyers, traitors, liberals and smart occasions for eating and drinking. It is all very readable, and may even be very like Washington.

It is pretty well a truism that to listen to an [illegible] on his own subject *must* be interesting, even if the audience is totally uninstructed. You may for instance, take the poorest possible view of the game of golf, but to read half-a-column by Mr. Bernard Darwin on it is a positive joy. So it is with Mr. A. G. Street on farming, even when he leaves the exactly factual for a while, to present his theories in novel form. KITTLE CATTLE (Michael Joseph. 12s. 6d.), incidentally, is not short of theories, and one of these is that as the author says himself, he has ignored the national worship of the little man, "and dares to tell a story of capitalistic agriculture—of farmers who manage hundreds of acres, think in thousands of pounds, and are hard-bitten businessmen." In the process of extolling this way of life, I might point out, Mr. Street has written a very likeable book.

To the United States again at an unspecified future date, for Mr. David Karp's political fantasy, ONE (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), which gives an all too long and all too effective impression of what a logical outcome of brain-washing and other totalitarian beastliness may be. Extremely easy to read, extremely depressing, and, on the whole, thoroughly debilitating if it is not only read but marked.

Lastly, there is Miss Jean Plaidy's romantic but not over-sentimental novel about Sir Thomas More, his happy family life, his constant integrity and his end. ST. THOMAS'S EVE (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.), indeed, makes comforting reading for those who want examples of the historical fact that a man's spirit and will may be unassailable.

HANOVERIAN DIE-HARD

The Story of Ernest Augustus

Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland and King of Hanover, a high Tory whom England learned to hate and Hanover grew to love, was the fifth son of George III, and of all that monarch's great brood he was undoubtedly the most single-minded and individual in temperament. His speciality was turning back the clock, and this he did to high purpose in both England and Hanover; in England, where he was politically a power in the land from the time his brother became Prince Regent, and in Hanover, where he withstood the revolutionary surge that swept Europe in the momentous year of 1848. In his new biography, ERNEST AUGUSTUS (Arthur Barker. 35s.), Mr. G. M. Willis surveys the life of this one-track minded man, producing a narrative of sustained interest. Access to the unpublished documents of the King, made available by the late Duke of Brunswick, and also to the Windsor archives, has aided Mr. Willis in his study, which, after recording the Prince's early childhood in London and rural Kew, shows him with his two young brothers setting out for Gottingen, where they studied together at the university. The Prince's later life was punctuated by a series of scandal campaigns, for the most part organised by his political enemies in England. He countered these slanders with his usual ferocious courage, and this same quality of fearlessness came out when in later days he underwent an eye operation without an anæsthetic. Ernest Augustus, die-hard though he was, was a man of keen intelligence and the possessor of a caustic wit which in youth did him many a disservice and in old age made most people afraid to cross his path. As King of Hanover he mastered events with extraordinary resolution, and when he died the gap was revealed. He was a man who placed himself four-square in the path of progress, and as long as he lived he held his ground. The old warrior would have been well content with such an epitaph, and he would certainly be content with his admiring biographer.

The wildest region in England south of the Lake District is Peakland, which because of its beauty and diversity, its ease of access from the trade towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire and the Midlands, has been set aside as Britain's first National Park. Crichton Porteous, in the latest of the Regional Books, deals with this very wonderful area of PEAKLAND (Robert Hale. 18s.). He draws an intimate and loving picture, based on long experience of the area, and because he personally regards it as the most attractive region in the world, his enthusiasm is quickly communicated to the reader.

Another part of England which has been singled out for special attention is THE SOUTH DEVON COAST (Werner Laurie. 16s.), which Mr. S. H. Burton writes about in the same felicitous way as Mr. Porteous writes about Peakland. Mr. Burton has travelled from Lyme Regis, on the Dorset border, to the Tamar in collecting material for this book, taking in en route many well-known holiday resorts, as well as historic and more populous places like Plymouth and Exeter. Some admirable photographs and a good end map are included in this admirable book.

SOUTHERN FRANCE (Ernest Benn Limited. 30s.) is the latest of the well-known Blue Guides to be re-issued. For the Riviera visitor not solely interested in the beaches, this is an indispensable guide.

The Norwegian-British-Swedish Antarctic Expedition of 1949-52 was a unique experiment in exploration; it was the first large-scale international expedition ever to be organised. The story is told graphically by Captain John Giaever in THE WHITE DESERT (Chatto and Windus. 25s.). Giaever, who led the venture and who has a delightful sense of humour, gives a vivid and intimate portrait of himself and his fourteen companions working for two years at the base at Maudheim in wooden houses half-buried in snow on a floating ice barrier. There are contributions from other members of the expedition, and J. M. Wordie, president of the Royal Geographical Society, writes a foreword.

The major part of our heritage of medieval art is to be found in the parish church. It is a wonderfully rich heritage, associated not only with the patronage of noble families, but also with the rise of the merchant classes. Mr. G. H. Cook has produced an entirely new survey of this fascinating subject, and his book THE ENGLISH MEDIEVAL PARISH CHURCH (Phœnix House. 36s.) is not only a major piece of research but a most satisfying and comprehensive book. There is a valuable chapter on the interior arrangement and fittings of the medieval church.

There are three extraordinarily varied additions to the Faber Gallery, that excellent series under the general editorship of Professor Wilenski. EL GRECO (Faber and Faber. 9s. 6d.) is presented by Roger Hinks, who writes notes on some of the more celebrated paintings of the master who brought a new glory to Spanish Art. GARHWAL PAINTING (12s. 6d.), with notes by W. G. Archer, deals with the art of the Punjab Hill State of Garhwal, which reached its greatest expression in the eighteenth century. Finally, Andrew Forge presents a second volume on the patchwork art of KLEE (9s. 6d.), who shares at least one characteristic with El Greco, if no more. His art is highly personal. For those of us uninitiated in the mysteries of Klee's art there is little more to be said.

BOOKS FOR OUR READERS

THE QUEEN'S BEASTS

The romantic story of the ten heraldic figures that stood guard outside Westminster Abbey during the Coronation.

By H. S. London, Norfolk Herald Extraordinary. Foreword by the Hon. Sir George Bellew, Garter King of Arms. Illustrated with eleven specially commissioned full colour designs by Edward Bawden and Cecil Keeling.

Library edition 12s 6d net
Copies of the limited edition are still available at 2 gns net

NEWMAN NEAME LIMITED
50 Fitzroy Street, London, W1

Soldier, Sail North

JAMES PATTINSON'S powerful story of the gunners of the merchant ships on convoy work to Russia will appeal to all those who enjoyed *The Cruel Sea.* (2nd imp.) 10/6

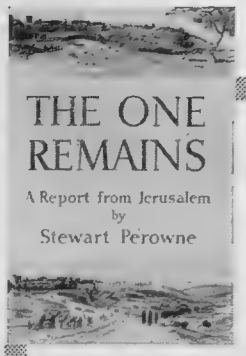
The Betrayers

RUTH CHATTERTON'S dramatic novel concerning a woman faced with a moral choice. By the author of *Homeward Borne.* (20th thous.) 12/6

Cherrill of the Yard

Ex-Chief Supt. FRED CHERRILL draws on the vast store of his experiences at the Fingerprint Bureau, New Scotland Yard, to produce a book stranger than any fiction. Illus. 15/-

HARRAP



The One Remains (20/- net)

STEWART PEROWNE

"An historian of sensibility with deep feeling for the past, he has contrived to set the Jerusalem of today against the backcloth of its three-and-a-half thousand years of unique human experience without any sacrifice of the clarity of the picture." *The Times*

HODDER AND STOUGHTON

C. P. Snow

THE NEW MEN

A novel which tells the truth of what it was like to work on the atom bomb.
12s. 6d.

Mazo de la Roche

THE WHITEOAK BROTHERS

A new *Jalna* novel, taking its place between *Whiteoak Heritage* and *Jalna.*
12s. 6d.

Macmillan

Publishers' News

Young Nurse Carter. . . . By Shirley Darbyshire. The first in an attractive and well-written new series of Career Novels for girls, edited by Mary Dunn. An enjoyable story, full of practical details. (*Chatto and Windus.* 8*s.* 6*d.*)

Beauty for Ashes. . . . By Christopher La Farge. A novel in verse set in a village in a sophisticated part of the eastern seaboard of the United States. (*Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)

The Subtle Minotaur. . . . By Alexander Alderson. Spine-chilling terror emerges from a man's past life to create a dramatic mystery story with a remarkably unusual theme. (*John Gifford.* 9*s.* 6*d.*)

The Story of Cuddles. . . . By S. Z. Sakall. The great European comedian tells of his experiences with the Emperor Francis Joseph, Adolf Hitler, and the Warner Brothers. Illustrated. (*Cassells.* 18*s.*)

The Disguises of Love. . . . By Rose Macaulay. The smooth, readable and witty account of a love-affair between a girl student and a professor of psychology. (*Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Prelude to Dunkirk. . . . By Major-General Sir Edward L. Spears. K.B.E., C.B., M.B. Churchill's personal liaison officer with the French Government recalls every house, every meeting of his mission in the first of a two-volume work. Published June 14. (*Heinemann.* 25*s.*)

Lumberjack. . . . By Jock Fairlie. The personal story of life as experienced by Jock Fairlie (son of author Gerard Fairlie) in a tough logging camp in Vancouver. (*Hodder and Stoughton.* 12*s.* 6*d.*)

Digest of British History. . . . By Louise and Peter Cochrane. This compact but thorough description of Britain's 2,000-year-old inheritance relates History to Sightseeing. Over 120 illustrations. (*Newman Neame.* 10*s.* 6*d.*)

The Little Tour

A journey to Europe's four miniature states: ANDORRA, MONACO, LIECHTENSTEIN, SAN MARINO

by GILES PLAYFAIR and CONSTANTINE FITZGIBBON

This unconventional account is amusingly written, history being mixed with legend, and description with reminiscence, but the reader will carry with him a deeper understanding and a happier recollection of these little "Ruritanian" states than a pedantic guide could ever impart.
16 pp. illus., 5 maps. 21/- net

PUBLISHED BY CASSELL

The White Desert

JOHN GIAEVER

The dramatic story of the first International Expedition to the Antarctic, told by its Norwegian leader.
32 superb plates *25s net*

The Wheel

A NOVEL BY

CHRISTOPHER LEACH

'Memorable . . . a work of art' *Listener*
'There is passion and sincerity here, even achievement' *T.L.S.*
8s 6d net

CHATTO & WINDUS

I took chances

The Autobiography of

Percy N. Furber

As a boy he joined H.M.S. "WORCESTER" in 1880; as a young man his greatest joy was steeplechasing. He was the first to drill for oil in Mexico and was honoured by her leaders. The first World War saw him travelling ceaselessly between North America, England, Russia and the battle zones of France. Then in America when nearly sixty he began afresh to develop rear-projection motion-picture screens and lenses.
Here is a modern Anthony Adverse whose tales of other days and far-away places are refreshingly original because they are true.

From all Booksellers 25/- net

EDGAR BACKUS

44-46, CANK STREET, LEICESTER.

This 80th-year tribute to WINSTON CHURCHILL provides a full, graphic and revealing account of his life from babyhood until the present day, with many photographs that have not been published before. Now on sale at all bookstalls, price 10s. 6d.

A special Record Number of

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

THE PUBLISHERS' PAGE

Information

The advertisement **Panels** on this page are available for Publishers' announcements as under:

Rates per Panel

1 insertion £12 10 0
6 insertions £11 0 0 (series)
(Panel size $2\frac{3}{8}$" × $2\frac{3}{8}$")

Orders

Orders for above should be addressed to:
The Advertisement Manager,
Book Section,
THE SPHERE,
195, Strand, W.C.2

(Copy and Blocks required three weeks before date of insertion)

THE WORLD'S GREATEST BOOKSHOP

FOYLES

* FOR BOOKS *

All new Books available on day of publication. Second-hand and rare Books on every subject. Stock of over three million volumes.

Foyles have depts. for Music, Records, Stationery, Handicraft Tools and Materials.

JOIN THE BOOK CLUB! Members buy best-selling Fiction (Published at 10/6, 12/6 and more) for ONLY 3/6. *Write for details!*

We BUY Books, Coins, Stamps.

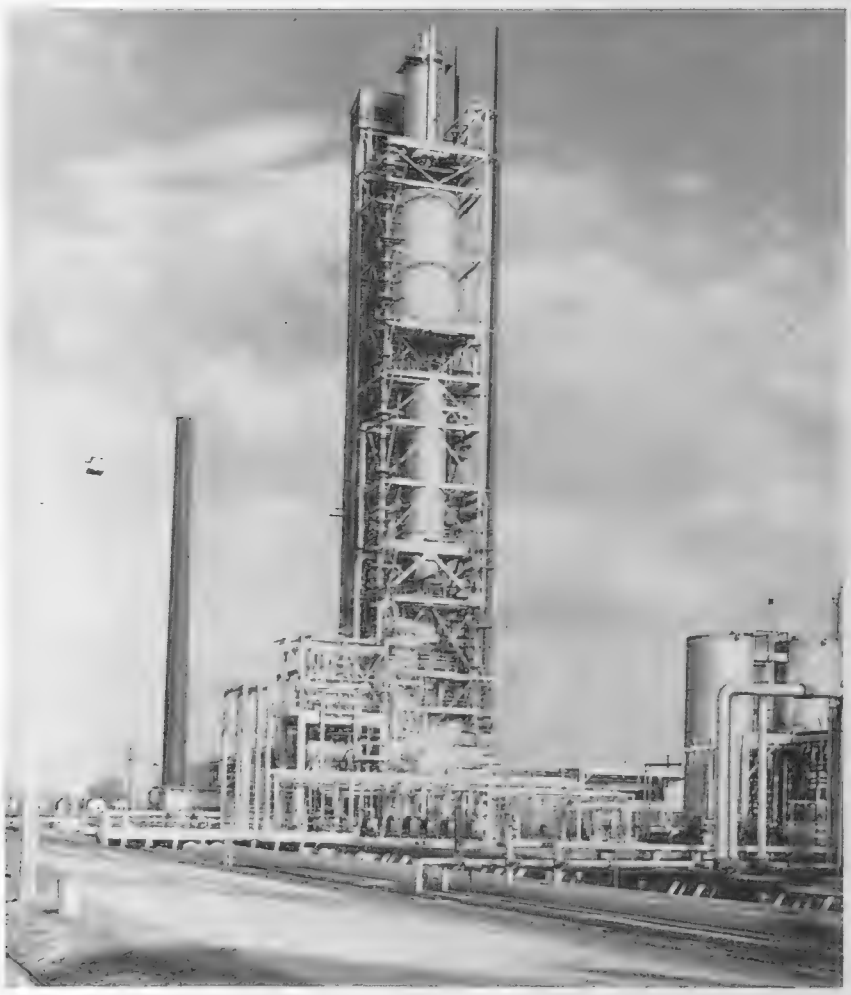
119-125 CHARING CROSS ROAD
LONDON WC2

Gerrard 5660 (16 *lines*). *Open* 9-6 (*inc. Sats.*)
Two minutes from Tottenham Court Road Station.

BRITAIN'S NEWEST REFINERY

On the north bank of the Thames estuary at Coryton, in Essex, a new oil refinery has been built on what was a bleak stretch of low-lying marsh less than four years ago. British industry has contributed ninety-five per cent of the equipment and materials used by the four thousand men who came from all over the British Isles to build this refinery.

At Coryton, the most modern processes are used to refine nearly one million tons of crude oil from the Middle East each year to make the petroleum products which Vacuum Oil Company markets under the famous Flying Red Horse trade-mark. The air-lift thermofor catalytic cracking unit, which makes high-quality petrol, is the first of its kind in the United Kingdom, and the thermofor continuous percolation unit for processing lubricating oils is the first of its kind in the world.



THE 300 FEET HIGH CATALYTIC CRACKING UNIT

VACUUM

Among the many well-known brands of fuels and lubricants that Coryton refinery is now producing are Mobilgas — Britain's newest petrol; Mobiloil — the world's largest-selling motor oil; and Gargoyle industrial and marine lubricants. These and other Flying Red Horse products make an important contribution to the fuelling of Britain's transport and to the lubrication of many of our largest industrial plants and ships.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

MAKERS OF MOBILOIL, MOBILGAS. GARGOYLE LUBRICANTS.

MOBILAND. DELVAC AND SOVAC OILS MOBIL DIESEL AND VACUUM FUEL OILS

Take advantage of
SABENA'S
REDUCED TOURIST CLASS FARES
for Continental Holidays

Fly and relax in the comfort of pressurised Super D.C. 6 and Convair Liners—enjoy Sabena meals or refreshments free on board.

LONDON/BRUSSELS £11.0.0. return (applicable to services operating between 18.00 and 08.30). Other Tourist Class Services **£13** return.

Also Belgian Coast Tourist Class Services in operation from **LONDON/OSTEND** or **LE ZOUTE, £11.5.0** return. From June 25 to Sept. 13, 1954.

MANCHESTER/OSTEND, £14.17.0 return. From June 13 to Sept. 15, 1954.

Easy connections to all Belgian Coast Resorts

CHEAPER TOURIST FARES ARE ALSO AVAILABLE TO

ATHENS BARCELONA BONN DUSSELDORF FRANKFURT HAMBURG COLOGNE LIEGE MADRID MILAN NAPLES NUREMBERG PALMA ROME STRASBURG SALZBURG

BOOK THROUGH YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR

SABENA BELGIAN AIRLINES

205, Regent Street, London, W.1. Mayfair 6442
Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1. Sloane 3439
Air Terminus, Royal Exchange, Manchester, 2. Deansgate 6956
147, Bath Street, Glasgow, C.2. City 6018/9
7a, Newhall Street, Birmingham, 3. Central 7434/5

Rest and Relax in
SWITZERLAND

Make the most of a holiday in Switzerland, nature's wonderland right in the heart of Europe.

Chair-lifts and mountain railways will take you to the highest peaks. Facilities for golf, tennis, walking, picnicking, sailing, fishing and mountaineering are at your command — or you may prefer just to laze in the sunshine to your heart's content.

Tickets for the World Football Championships and further information concerning holidays available from your TRAVEL AGENT or the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, W.C.2.

★ ***World Football Championships June 16th to July 4th 1954***

Olivetti Lettera 22

The machine with all the features of a standard typewriter - while remaining a really 'portable' portable.

The experienced typist judging the Lettera 22 finds it has all those up-to-the-minute, special features that could possibly be wished.
To the beginner, it is a machine which makes its appeal because of its great simplicity of operation. To both, it is a first-class piece of precision engineering, put together with all that skill in design which has made Olivetti famous.

Made in Great Britain

BRITISH OLIVETTI Ltd.

10 Berkeley Square - London W 1

FACTORY: Summerlee Street - Glasgow E 3

Authorized dealers throughout the country

SHARPE'S "CLASSIC"

WEDDING STATIONERY

ALSO ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY, OCCASION CARDS AND BRIEFLINE PERSONAL NOTES

"TOKENS OF GOOD TASTE"

W. N. SHARPE LTD. BRADFORD

STICKY SITUATION

"Hawkins—what did that leaflet say about Common Pitfalls of the Amateur?"

"*At this precise moment, sir, it would be too painful to repeat. May I suggest we should first smooth out that unsightly bulge by the door?*"

"That, Hawkins, is the electric light switch. The future appears to be somewhat dim."

"*A glass of gin and Rose's Lime Juice might brighten the outlook, sir.*"

"Brilliant, Hawkins—after a large gin and Rose's I will study the leaflet again and firmly adhere to the instructions."

ROSE'S LIME JUICE

for Gin and Lime

ROSE'S ALSO MAKE FINE FRUIT SQUASHES

There is a new through Skymaster service to the Riviera this summer calling at Marseilles and going on to Nice. They look after you very well on board, a good lunch free of charge and cigarettes and drinks duty free. Connecting transport is available to *anywhere* on the French or Italian Rivieras and it is so nice not having to change aeroplanes on the way. It costs £29.15.0 return to Nice or £29.9.0 to Marseilles and our Travel Agent arranged it all.

Other Tourist return fares from London:

PARIS £13	*offpeak* £11;
PARIS *Epicurean Viscount*	£16
BARCELONA	£36.11.0
PALMA...	£40.1.0
ROME	£47.1.0
MILAN	£34.0.0
GENEVA	£26.0.0

From Manchester slightly more.

Illustrated brochure on request.

AIR FRANCE

HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.1. WHitehall 4455

Pleasure never ends in **Switzerland**

CRANS s/Sierre 5,000 ft. — Swimming-pool. Horse-back riding. Strolls and car excursions. Finest alpine golf links, 18 and 9 holes.

Hotel-Pension Neueret GSTAAD Bernese Oberland — The small modern hotel. Excellent situation, rooms with private bath. *Propr.* E. Brand.

Mürren 5,450 ft. — **For pleasure and relaxation.** Delightful strolls—fishing—tennis—min. golf–mountaineering–10 hotels. Inf.: Tourist Office Mürren, Bernese Oberland.

Schweizerhof *Lucerne* — Swiss hospitality and modern comfort. Parking space for 80 cars. Family O. Hauser, *Propr.*

IVA ZURICH

Free as a Bird

You're air-conditioned in AERTEX *all year round*

Regd.

On stifling days you won't be stifled, on freezing days you won't be frozen —not if you're in Aertex. Its millions of air cells keep you air-cooled in the heat yet they insulate you from the cold. Enjoy air-conditioned comfort in Aertex pyjamas, shirts, underwear for men and boys; pyjamas, blouses, underwear for women and girls; corsetry and babies' wear too!

Free Illustrated 1954 Catalogue *For your copy send this coupon to Advertising Manager, Aertex, 1 Long Lane, London, S.E.1. Tel: Hop 2855.*

Do you know the name of your nearest Aertex retailer? YES NO

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

USUAL SHOPPING CENTRE..... PB 14

CELLULAR CLOTHING AERTEX LONDON

Genuine Aertex bears this label

He'd like a BARLING on Father's Day JUNE 19th

A good new pipe is something he's been wanting for months, maybe years. So give him a Barling "Guinea Grain." The Barling design flat mouthpiece is for comfort; the mellow briar bowl is for years of cool, sweet smoking.

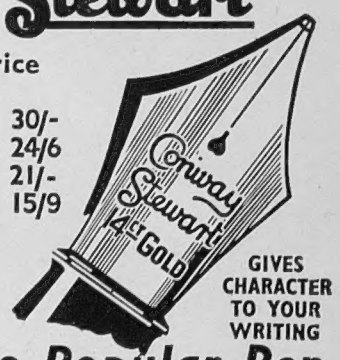
Also available in Standard and Sandblast Series

Barling LONDON 1812

PIPEMAKERS IN LONDON SINCE 1812

The ALL-BRITISH **Conway Stewart**

Price No.	
58	30/-
28	24/6
388	21/-
75	15/9



GIVES CHARACTER TO YOUR WRITING

The Popular Pen with the Marvellous Nib

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

SUMMER TIME will be with us until October, yet I wish I could put the clocks back now, not an hour but a month, so that you could join me for a week or more in these early spring days in Devon.

Nestling among those hills that enfold the Dart, I came to the thirteenth-century Church House Inn at Harberton, about three miles from historic Totnes. There are several church house inns hereabouts, yet none can better, from a residential and catering angle, this Harberton haven, where Betty Goddard, aided by her husband, dispenses hospitality with a captivating smile. Above stairs is the dining-room, kitchen and several fresh and attractively furnished bedrooms, but for sheer allurement I have earmarked for myself a bedroom in the cottage, a minute's walk down the village street—with two lounges tastefully furnished, modern bathroom and plenty of hot water. Every occupant of the Cottage has a front door key. For you who seek rest and the best of Devon fare, this is your dream habitation come to life. Inclusive terms at The Church House Inn are wisely based on a bed, breakfast and dinner basis, for in such charming countryside you will want to be out and about, irrespective of season.

From the Dart I came to yet another of Devon's inlets—Salcombe Harbour. Never have I seen this sheet of water looking so entrancing as when I viewed it anew on that spring afternoon from the balcony bedrooms and terraced garden of St. Elmo Hotel. With justifiable pride, Dr. J. B. Crabtree, who personally runs this holiday hotel with his wife, pointed out the many additional improvements made since my last visit. I noted built-in bedroom furniture, fresh loose covers in the lounges, a separate games room and an enclosed snuggery with atmosphere conducive to a pint and a pipe. Though closed from October to Easter each year, I question whether the Crabtrees ever ease up, and before spring 1955 further enlargements and improvements will be in evidence.

Though I cannot put the clock back, I hope you will be able to plan an early visit down Devon way. The daffodils will be over, but June roses and honeysuckle will garland the white-washed, thatched cottages, adding their scent to summer breezes and West Country air.

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

BIGBURY BAY, S. DEVON. BURGH ISLAND HOTEL
A luxury hotel in the perfect setting on a private island of 30 acres, 400 yards from the coast. Ideal for your early Summer holiday. Write to the Manager for full particulars.

BOURNEMOUTH. CARLTON HOTEL
Well spoken of always, for Service is the keynote. Situated on the East Cliff and facing full south, enjoying both sunshine and sea views. 150 bedrooms and suites. Lifts; Central Heating. Excellent garage facilities. Tel.: 6560.

BROADWAY, WORCS. THE LYGON ARMS
For innkeeping in the best English tradition; for a personal welcome, warmth, comfort, good food and wine, be sure to visit this historic and hospitable house. Always in season. Tel.: Broadway 2255.

Nr. HERSTMONCEUX, SUSSEX. WHITE FRIARS HOTEL
A Country Hotel of sheer contentment in a perfect setting. 4½ acres grounds, Tennis, Croquet. Rooms with private bathroom. Attractive cellar cocktail lounge. Bus to Eastbourne and Bexhill passes the Hotel. Tel.: Herstmonceux 3299.

LONDON, N.W.4. HENDON HALL
First-class Residential Hotel, once home of David Garrick. 20 mins. West End. Excellent cuisine; fully licensed; phones all rooms; suites with private bath. Hard Tennis, Putting, Billiards, Swimming Pool. Adjoins Hendon Golf Club. Hendon 1456.

A perfect holiday in sunshine or shower at
MATLOCK. SMEDLEY'S HYDRO
in the heart of lovely Derbyshire. The Booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent on application to The Manager, Smedley's Hydro, Matlock.

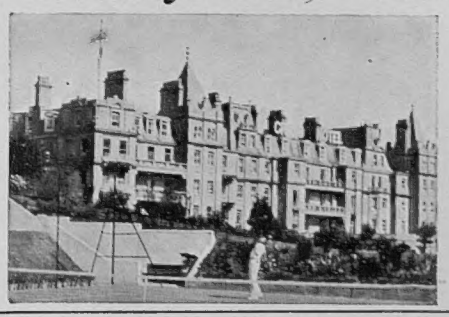
MIDHURST, Sussex. SPREAD EAGLE HOTEL (A.D. 1430)
A Four-Poster, King Edward's Room, or twin beds in the more modern wing? Honeymooners can make their choice at this prime Inn, steeped in history and hospitality. Tel.: Midhurst 10.

MUNDESLEY-ON-SEA, Norfolk. GRAND HOTEL
Fine sands, bracing air, plenty of sunshine. Good food, wines and service. Open Whitsun to October. Tel.: 190.
(Under same direction—MANOR HOTEL, MUNDESLEY.)

RAVENSCAR, Scarborough. RAVEN HALL HOTEL
A completely self-contained, fully-licensed holiday hotel. Heated Swimming Pool, 9-hole Golf Course, Putting, Hard Court Tennis, Bowls, Billiards, Dancing (Orchestra)—all free to residents. Riding available. Fully inclusive terms, 35s. to 50s. per day. Tel.: Cloughton 233.

ST. IVES, Cornwall. THE GARRACK HOTEL
Set in a unique position overlooking Bay, and 10 mins'. walk from town centre, this 14-bedroom hotel will appeal to all appreciative of comfort, good food and cheerful service. Licensed. 9-12 gns. Summer; 7-9 gns. Spring and Autumn. Tel.: 199.

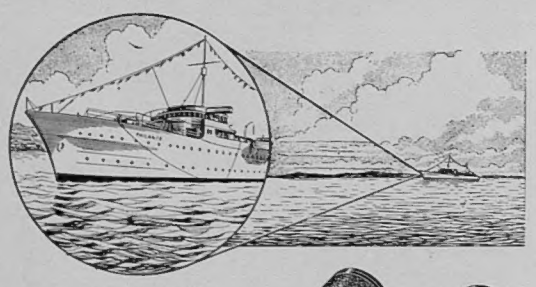
SIDMOUTH, BELMONT HOTEL
Best in its own class; is in tune with this sunny South Devon resort. Refined and unostentatious. No music, dancing or cocktail bar, but fully licensed. Famous for catering and comfort, it ever keeps abreast of the times. Tel.: 1555.

TORQUAY, GRAND HOTEL

For your Summer holiday. Facing full south overlooking Torbay, with tennis, squash, golf and dancing all free to residents.
Write O. R. Paul.
Tel.: 2234.

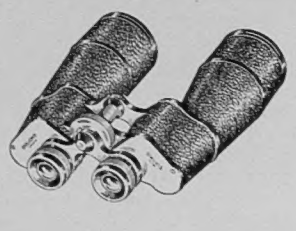
TORQUAY, CARLTON HOTEL
overlooks Torbay and the South, but does not overlook anything which may add to the comfort of those who know that High Standards can still be offered at reasonable rates. Tel.: 7633.

WEYBRIDGE, SURREY. OATLANDS PARK HOTEL
One of Britain's best-run Country Hotels, only 30 mins. from London's West End. Own Swimming Pool, Sporting Golf Course, Tennis, Squash, Dancing, Billiards—all free to residents. 60 acres grounds, 150 rooms (many with private bath); self-contained suites. Moderate inclusive terms. Brochure with pleasure. Weybridge 1100.

The New Dollond High Power Binocular 15×60 OWLVIS



Its magnification of 15 diameters is much greater than the usual one and it gives a field of view 75 yards wide at 1,000 yards. The lenses are coated for maximum clearness. Keep a pair with you in your car. Price, with case, £49.10.0. Five days' approval against full cash deposit. Our illustrated Catalogue with hints on the selection of a Binocular is free on request. Models from £10.10.0. Part exchange and deferred terms available.



DOLLONDS
28, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.1
428, Strand, W.C.2,; 281, Oxford St., W.1.; 35, Brompton Rd., S.W.3. Branches throughout London and at Brighton, Cheltenham, Croydon, Harrow, Hereford, Kingston-on-Thames, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, etc.
Dollond & Aitchison Ltd., Opticians. Est. 1750.

"IMPERIAL" TRAVEL ACROSS EUROPE
Via
IMPERIAL MOTORWAYS (B'HAM) LTD.
Luxury Coaches and Hotels coupled with expert guides make "Imperial" Tours a never-to-be-forgotten pleasure!

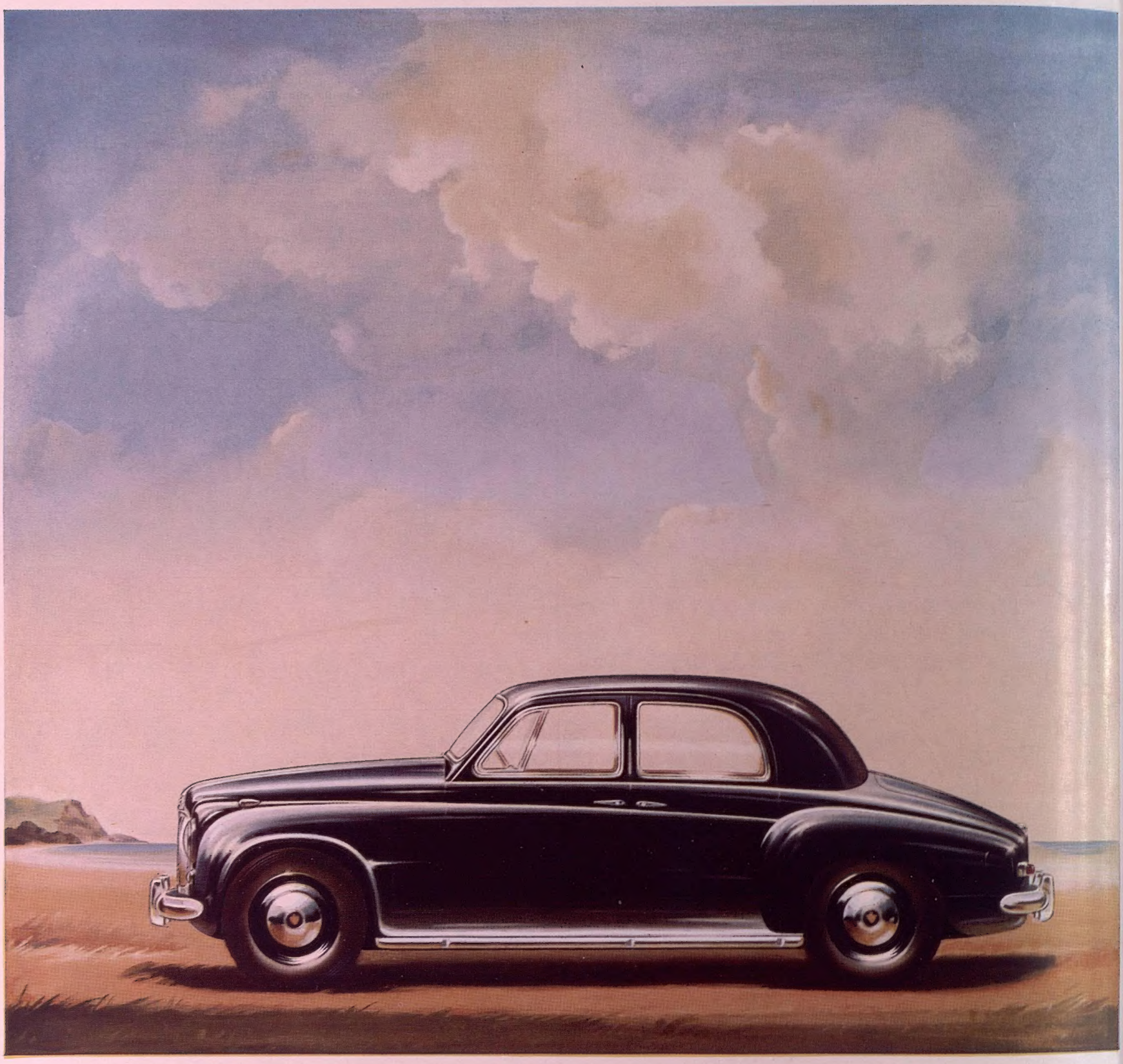
GRAND EUROPEAN	23 days	£90
SPAIN and MOROCCO	28 days	£130
SCANDINAVIA	16 days	£69
ROME	15 days	£64
SPAIN and MAJORCA	15 days	£60
ITALY Air and Coach,	14 days	£85

IMPERIAL MOTORWAYS (B'HAM) LTD.
POST TO: DEPT. T.S.9, 220, HIGH ST., KENSINGTON, LONDON, W.8. Tel: WEStern 1541/2

SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE
Name.....
Address.....
.....
A & T

CRUISES and PASSAGES by CARGO and TRAMP SHIP
Round voyages to Scandinavia (including Norwegian Fjords), Hanseatic Ports, Baltic, Spain, Portugal, East and West Mediterranean, Morocco, Tangier, West and South Africa. Also Passages to Canada, U.S.A., etc.
Apply for brochure to:
ARTHUR BOWERMAN, LTD.
Department V, Central Passenger Office, Former Station Hotel, High Wycombe, Bucks.
Tel.: 1756/7 and Local Agents.

By Appointment to the late King George VI.
Manufacturers of Land-Rovers. The Rover Co. Ltd.



One of Britain's Fine Cars

"On very few cars . . . will one find such intelligent planning coupled with such a fine standard of workmanship and finish."

The Motor, January 20th

ROVER

SIXTY · SEVENTY-FIVE · NINETY

THE ROVER COMPANY LIMITED · SOLIHULL, BIRMINGHAM also DEVONSHIRE HOUSE · LONDON

CVS-233

Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Printed in England by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2. SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1954. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.